THE SPEAKER

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 7, 1891.

PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

THE Boulogne "conferences" have been continued during the past week—to the great dissatisfaction of the majority of the Liberal party, both English and Irish. We have, however, reason to believe that the end which MR. O'BRIEN has from the first sought to attain is on the point of being secured, and that next Thursday MR. JUSTIN MCCARTHY will make an announcement which will be satisfactory both to Irish and English Home Rulers. It is time that such an announcement was forthcoming, for the patience of the supporters of MR. GLADSTONE has been sorely tried by the secrecy and the apparent indefiniteness of the Boulogne negotiations. Upon two points, and those the most important of all, there is no cause for anxiety. MR. PARNELL'S leadership will not be re-established, and no pledges will be given by MR. GLADSTONE to the Irish Party. If the Liberal leader has any statement to make regarding the Home Rule question, it will be made in the face of day to his followers as a whole, and also to his opponents. In the meantime it is well to warn our readers against the misleading tittle-tattle which appears morning by morning in the daily papers on the subject of "the crisis."

MR. JUSTIN MCCARTHY, speaking at Liverpool on Monday, declared that the only points upon which there was any chance of difference between the Irish Members and the Liberals were the police and the Land Question. So far as the police are concerned, we cannot pretend to see where the room for difference exists. If Ireland is to be trusted at all, it must be trusted with the control of its own civil officials. We have seen, even in London, enough of the evils resulting from the removal of the police from popular control, to put an end to any wish to perpetuate that evil in Ireland. No doubt a transition period is always one of difficulty, and even of danger; but it cannot be an impossible thing to devise proper means for bridging over this period of transition without doing any wrong to Irish susceptibilities on the one hand, and to the cause of order on the other. On the Land Question, Parliament has the matter in its own hands. If it settles that question before Home Rule is granted, it will be able to veto its unsettlement by an Irish Parliament. If, on the other hand, it leaves the question in its present state, it can have no right to prevent Irishmen themselves from dealing with it.

HOME RULE is dead; Home Rule is not dead. These are the slightly conflicting statements which were heard on Tuesday by those who attended the Liberal Unionist banquet. Apparently no two leaders of that distinguished party can make up their minds on this very simple point. But there is one matter on which all seem to be agreed. They do not delude themselves with the idea that recent events have shaken the allegiance of the Liberal party to its leader, or that the prospects of the General Election have been in any degree affected by them. In these circumstances it strikes us as being passing strange that men like LORD HARTINGTON should still persist in recommending a purely negative policy to their followers. Five out of the twenty years of "resolute government" have, as they themselves acknowledge, completely sickened the country of the whole farce. Yet they decline to look beyond the hour, and confine their speeches to jeers at the Irish members because of the proceedings in Committee Room No. 15, and to an exposition of their own superior wisdom and morality. Statesmanship, it is to be feared, is not the strong point of the Liberal Unionists.

MR. BRADLAUGH'S death has taken place under circumstances singularly dramatic. At the very moment when he was lying at the very point of death—too ill to know what was happening outside the walls of his sick-room—the House of Commons was making tardy atonement for the disgraceful hypocrisy of its action towards him ten years before. That in itself was a sufficiently striking *dénouement* to a stirring life. Indeed, the "realists" of fiction would protest lustily against so dramatic a close to an imaginary career. But even more striking in its way has been the outburst of feeling on the occasion of his funeral. Wreaths, messages of sympathy, troops of mourners, tributes in the press, and a noble utterance from the lips of MR. GLADSTONE in the House of Commons—all these have attended the simple funeral of the man who, when he first entered Parliament, was regarded, even by many Liberals, as an outcast. Truly, until he is dead, we can count no man happy—or a failure.

THE Home Secretary has not been placed in a very enviable position by the debate of Wednesday afternoon on the Religious Disabilities Bill. We have said enough elsewhere of the singularly fine speech in which MR. GLADSTONE presented his case. Once more the magic of the old orator asserted itself, and the House was absolutely convinced of the righteousness of the cause for which he was pleading. But once more that pitiful kind of hypocrisy of which we saw so much in connection with the BRADLAUGH case, prevailed with the majority, and the sacred name of religion was pressed into the service of a political faction. It was MR. MATTHEWS who was hit hardest by the vote. If it had any meaning at all it meant that a Roman Catholic was not to be trusted to do his duty as a Minister of the Crown, and yet the luckless Home Secretary had to sit on the Treasury Bench whilst MR. SMITH, in the name of the Government, upheld the cause of the bigots. BACON'S aphorism concerning those who advance "through dirt to dignities," could not but occur to most men as they watched MR. MATTHEWS on Wednesday afternoon. On Thursday evening the Home Secretary was again placed in a painful position, many members on his own side, led by MR. JAMES LOWTHER, attacking him because of his decision in the case of the convict HARGAN. He is certainly not a man to be envied by anybody at the present moment.

THE Government have assuredly no cause to complain of obstruction on the part of the Opposition to the progress of the Tithe Charge Recovery Bill. This point, indeed, was gracefully acknowledged by SIR M. HICKS-BEACH on Monday, when he took occasion to express his great obligation to the members on the opposite benches for the desire which they had evinced to allow the Bill to pass through Committee on that evening. This stage would certainly have been reached had it not been

for the proposal of a new clause by a member of the Conservative party, who talked the Bill out on Monday, and was afterwards conspicuous by his absence when the opportunity arose for supporting the amendment in which he had taken such an inconvenient interest the night before. A good point was scored by MR. BOLTON, whose proposal to omit the fifth sub-section of the third clause was accepted by SIR M. HICKS-BEACH. There can be no doubt that, had the sub-section been retained, it would have led to difficulty and confusion, and that the Bill is much simplified by its omission. A useful addition was made to the Bill by a provision expressly giving the right of appeal to the High Court on any point of law or equity, or on the admission or rejection of evidence. The jurisdiction which will be conferred on the County Court judges with regard to this novel and difficult subject will require to be very carefully watched, and there can be no doubt that the right of appeal to the High Court will exercise a wholesome influence on their decisions.

IT is unfortunate that SIR HENRY JAMES'S small but useful amendment of the Factory Act of 1878 relates simply to textile factories, which are already under the protection of the law, and watched by powerful and vigilant associations of working men. Not, of course, that that law is perfect, or that it will not be better for SIR HENRY JAMES'S enlargement of its powers in the matter of the cleansing of factories, the fencing of machinery, and the narrowing of some of the technical provisions of the Act. But any new amendment of the Factory Acts inevitably raises the question of further protection for the sweated industries—more especially in the women's and the domestic workshops. These are not touched in SIR HENRY'S measure, which consequently, though we have nothing to say against its proposals, has a certain air of pettiness in proportion to its title. Perhaps its most significant provision is that which re-introduces a very useful principle, which is dying too soon out of our legislation—viz., that of minimum as well as maximum fines. We believe that MR. SYDNEY BUXTON makes this a part of the much larger and more comprehensive amendment of the Act which he has in contemplation. It is all to the good, in so far as it makes for clearness and decisiveness in protective law.

THE announcement that the Canadian Parliament was to be at once dissolved coincided very closely in point of time with the arrival from England of SIR CHARLES TUPPER, the High Commissioner of Canada in London. Charged with the latest confidences of the Imperial Government, he was doubtless able to advise his colleagues that, from the point of view of international politics, the present was the psychological moment for an appeal to the country. Such advice, as it happened, coincided with the views of the wirepullers of SIR JOHN A. MACDONALD'S party, for it would seem that, owing to some physiological eccentricity, for which we cannot assign a reason, just twenty years and eleven months ago, fifty thousand male children—who have all since developed into Liberals and full-Reciprocity men—were born in the Canadas, and would within a few weeks have become entitled to vote for the party of MR. BLAKE and SIR RICHARD CARTWRIGHT, had it not been for the astute move just announced by the Canadian Conservatives. Nevertheless, although the coming election will in all probability prove an electoral triumph for SIR JOHN MACDONALD, it will, in a way, be an acknowledgment that the policy of the Canadian Liberals is based on the inevitable.

THE Conservatives of Canada have definitely abandoned the brilliant idea of checkmating the MCKINLEY tariff by developing a limitless trade in what are technically called "shop-eggs" with the Mother Country. Like the Liberals, they accept "Reciprocity" in principle, the only question between the rivals being as to its extent and opportuneness. It is significant that even the Canadian Conservatives should evidently prefer a fiscal *rapprochement* with the United States rather than wait in expectancy for the chances of an Imperial Zollverein, with the idea of which, it would appear, from a recent answer in Parliament, Her Majesty's Government are coquetting.

THE Stock Markets have continued inactive throughout the week. There is a fair amount of investment business, chiefly in home railway stocks and in a few foreign stocks such as Egyptians. But with the exception of the market for gold shares, which has been pretty active, speculation is almost at a standstill. A hitch has arisen in the negotiations between the London Committee and the Argentine Government respecting the Drainage and Waterworks Company of Buenos Ayres, and there is a report that the negotiations have actually been broken off. In Chili the insurrection continues, but little information reaches this country, and naturally the market is sensitive. Some hope is entertained that the change of Ministry may bring about an improvement in Brazil, but the state of affairs there is also disquieting. In Uruguay matters are as bad as they can be. Furthermore, the revolt in Oporto, though it has been suppressed for the moment, inspires a fear that a revolution is imminent. The change of Ministry in Italy has attracted attention to the disorganised state of the finances. And although the Spanish Government has been successful at the elections, there is much apprehension concerning Spain's ability to pay her way. Owing to all this, and to the continued distrust, speculators are afraid to engage in new risks. In spite of the increasing ease in the Money Market both in New York and in Berlin, there is much in both markets to give cause for uneasiness. In Paris alone is there still great confidence. The speculation for the rise there is very large, and an accident may at any moment cause a heavy fall; but for the time being the great operators profess to be very hopeful, and predict a rise in all securities dealt in upon the Paris Bourse.

THE Directors of the Bank of England made no change in their rate of discount this week. But following the lead of the Imperial Bank of Germany, which has reduced its rate to 3½ per cent., the rates in Austria, Hungary, and Norway have been reduced to 4 per cent. All over the Continent the value of money continues to decline. In the United States, also, stringency has given place to great ease, and the call rate for loans in New York is now only 2½ per cent. In London the open market rate advanced at the beginning of the week to about 2⅞ per cent., under the impression that the Joint Stock and private banks would be compelled by MR. GOSCHEN'S proposals to begin at once accumulating reserves. The rise, however, has not been maintained, and the rate in the open market has again fallen to about 1⅞ per cent. Yet the general impression is that there will be some advance during the next month, as the revenue collections will be very large. For the moment the fall in rates upon the Continent has stopped the withdrawals of gold from the Bank, but the time is near at hand when the loan of three millions made by the Bank of France will fall due, and possibly the Russian Government may also take a million and a half sterling. The Silver market has been very dull throughout the week, as the impression grows stronger that there will be no legislation this session in the United States. The price of the metal has fallen to 46¾d. per ounce. There is little demand for India, for money there is unusually abundant and cheap for the season of the year. And the Continental demand has entirely ceased; while American speculation has stopped. The market for silver securities has been quiet.

THE DINING-OUT PARTY.

NEVER since the system of party Government was introduced into England has there been a party so conspicuously fond of dining-out as that which during the past twelve months has revelled in every restaurant in London, in order to do honour to its own superhuman virtue and intelligence. It is impossible for the most ardent of Home Rulers to feel any sense of anger when he reads the current reports of the latest "grand Unionist banquet." It is delightful to peruse the outpourings of Professor Dicey's chaste eloquence as he sings the praises of his leaders and (incidentally) draws attention to his own conspicuous merits. It is even more delightful to follow Lord Hartington through the string of ponderous platitudes, unenlivened by a gleam of humour or a touch of imagination, which pass current with his admirers as the voice of patriotism and statesmanship. We would not for the world lose the record of these things in the faithful pages of the *Times*. Our only regret is that even the *Times* occasionally cries, "Hold! Enough!" and declines to open its columns to the tale of Unionist after-dinner eloquence. The party had only two banquets this week, and of these only one has been reported. This is hard upon a world which has not yet grown tired of the sight of a body of doomed politicians feasting in celebration of each successive stage in their progress towards the fate which inevitably awaits them. We must content ourselves, however, with the story of the proceedings at the dinner of the Liberal Union Club.

Of the speech of Professor Dicey, the chosen orator of Unionism, only one remark need be made. That is, that it seemed to be intended as an illustration of his own assertion that when certain persons take to politics they "forsake all the ordinary rules that govern private life." In his private life Professor Dicey could never be guilty of the impertinence, the vulgarity, and the offensive unfairness which characterise his utterances as a politician. Indeed, what man in his senses could say of himself as an individual what this redoubtable champion of injustice to Ireland said of himself as a politician when he remarked, "We wish and always have succeeded in saying what is true—which has not always been successfully achieved by our opponents." It is impossible to deal seriously with an orator who starts with this assumption of his own superiority to the rest of the world; nor is it really necessary to exchange arguments with a gentleman whose Pharisaism is only worthy of Colney Hatch or any similar retreat of misunderstood humanity.

It is with Lord Hartington that the Liberal party has to reckon. He is still a political power, though he is by no means the hero he is believed to be by those who feast with him at the recurring banquets of the Unionist clubs. If anyone in the ranks of the little party he commands can influence his political opponents, he is the man. It is, therefore, with a certain measure of interest that we turn to his speech of Tuesday in order to learn his views at a critical moment in the national history. What do we find in his speech? Nothing more than an expression of his "unalloyed enjoyment" of Mr. Parnell's adventures since he passed through the Divorce Court, and of the "legitimate amusement" which he has derived from the "rehearsal of Home Rule" in Committee Room No. 15. This is positively all that the one "statesman" in whom the Liberal Unionists of England put their trust has to say at the present moment. Why, even Mr. Dicey could have made a more statesmanlike speech than this. Not that we deny the right of Lord Hartington and his friends to make the most out of Mr. Parnell's misconduct and the subsequent incidents in Irish history. But after all, if they aspire to be a serious party, they are bound, when they have had their laugh over the episode of the Divorce Court, to tell us to what they look in the future. At this moment they are only able to see one thing—the breach in the ranks of the Irish Party. They know that Mr. Parnell has made himself impossible so far as acceptance by the electors of Great Britain is concerned; and on the assumption that every other Irishman will be as untrustworthy as the member for Cork, Lord Hartington and his friends believe that the English Liberals will never again work in cordial alliance with the Irish Home Rulers. It is a large assumption this; but let it pass. Let us, for the sake of the argument, suppose that the present Irish Parliamentary party is destroyed, and that the alliance between English and Scotch Liberals and the Home Rulers comes to an end. What will happen then?

In the first place does Lord Hartington believe that the failure of Home Rule on its present basis would mean that at the next election the Liberals of Great Britain would be disposed to give Lord Salisbury and Mr. Balfour another five or six years' lease of power? Even if the lessons of the bye-elections—not excluding either Bassetlaw or Hartlepool—were to count for nothing, the evidence is still conclusive as to the cohesion of the Liberal party throughout the constituencies. Most rightly, as we believe, it has seen no reason in the treachery of a single Irishman to make it waver in its support of its own leader. Nor can even Lord Hartington pretend that "recent events" have tended to justify Mr. Balfour and Lord Salisbury in the eyes of Liberal electors. It follows that every good judge knows that the Liberal vote will be given just as strongly against the present Government as it would have been if there had been no divorce case, and no exposure of Mr. Parnell's real character. In whose favour then will that vote be given? Lord Hartington is far too wise a man to imagine that it can go to the Liberal Unionists. If, indeed, he as the leader of that body had anything more than a bundle of negations to offer to the country in lieu of a policy, the case might be different. But a political party which only exists for the purpose of indulging in self-complimentary dinners, and which, even in a crisis like the present, can contemplate nothing but its own virtues and the wickedness of every Irish Nationalist, cannot win a single additional vote at a General Election. It follows, then, that the Liberal party may look forward confidently at the next election to a return to the position it held in 1885. It will have a majority, a considerable majority, over the supporters of the Ministry, whether they call themselves Tories or Liberal Unionists. That is the position which it behoves Lord Hartington and his friends to confront. If they are wise men they will waste no more time upon silly talk about "Committee Room No. 15"—talk which is not more silly than insincere—but they will at once face the problem of what is likely to happen in the next House of Commons, with a Liberal majority over Tories and Unionists combined, and an Irish party which, whether broken or united, will still be practically unanimous in demanding some form of self-government, and the complete abolition of that system of coercion the failure of which was long ago established, and the condemnation of which has now been irrevocably pronounced. We confess that in view of the actual political situation, we cannot comprehend the light-heartedness which seems to have possession of this dining-out party, on any other ground save that which is explained in the words "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die."

OPPORTUNIST BIGOTRY.

MINISTERS cannot be very happy about their performance on Wednesday. The spectacle of a Cabinet containing a Catholic Home Secretary resisting a measure for the removal of Catholic disabilities is not conducive to a reputation for common sense. Mr. Asquith was right when he said that Mr. Gladstone's Bill would be sacrificed to "the devouring requirements of the sacred cause of the Union." Some Unionists were found true to the convictions which many years of toleration have implanted in every intelligent mind. But Lord Hartington, who is extolled by Professor Dicey as an exceptionally honest and straightforward politician, walked out of the House before the division. He could not bring himself to embarrass the Government, and help the designs of wicked "Separatists," by supporting a reform which might be useful to Mr. Gladstone in some future distribution of offices. All the Government and their chief ally could see in this Bill was an attempt to pave the way for making Sir Charles Russell Lord Chancellor of England, and Lord Ripon Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland. There is nothing horrible in such a prospect, but it prompted the Treasury Bench to an exhibition of surpassing silliness. Sir Charles Russell has been Attorney-General, Lord Ripon has been Viceroy of India. Yet Mr. Smith and Sir Richard Webster affected to believe that something disastrous would happen to the Constitution if two distinguished Catholic Liberals were appointed to certain offices from which members of their religious communion have hitherto been excluded. Is Mr. Matthews unfit to be Lord Chancellor because he is a Catholic? There are obvious reasons why he may never attain that distinction; but will any of his associates pretend that his religion ought to be one of them? Does any rational man believe that there is something so superlatively Protestant in the office of Lord Chancellor that it must not be held by a Catholic lawyer who is quite qualified to shine at the Home Office? Mr. Smith declared that this Bill was offensive to a large class of Her Majesty's subjects. If so, why are they not equally offended by Mr. Matthews's position in the Cabinet? It is deplorable, according to the First Lord of the Treasury, that Mr. Gladstone should choose such a moment for stirring up religious strife. It has always been deplorable to bigots that any attempt should be made to remove religious disabilities, and give practical effect to the principles of toleration which are the foundations of civilised life. But what are we to say of men who have not even the excuse of bigotry, who are not blinded by sectarian zeal, who regard with secret contempt the petitions against a Catholic Relief Bill, and who yet complain that Mr. Gladstone has hurt the feelings of many of his fellow-citizens by asking Parliament to do an act of manifest reason and justice?

In his unanswerable speech Mr. Gladstone easily swept away the fallacies which have been founded upon his famous pamphlet on the Vatican Decrees. It is true that when the dogma of Papal Infallibility was a new portent in Europe, Mr. Gladstone suggested that an English Catholic, who was literally bound by this decree, would place his civil duty and allegiance at the mercy of a foreign power. But in a subsequent pamphlet he declared that the assurances he had received convinced him that the loyalty of Catholics in these realms was untainted. Does Mr. Smith believe that? If so, how can he contend that a Catholic Chancellor would owe his allegiance to the Vatican and not to the Crown? If not, why does he sit in the same Cabinet with Mr. Matthews? We commend these considerations to Dr. Parker, who lately distinguished himself by parading the Catholic bogey. There is some expectation in Tory circles that Ministers will gain votes in the country by the stand they have made for Protestantism. Is Dr. Parker anxious to help this enterprise by preaching stale intolerance to Nonconformists? Does he agree with Colonel Sandys that if Mr. Gladstone's Bill were passed, we should be in danger of seeing a Catholic chaplain in the House of Commons, and priests walking up the floor invoking the blessed Virgin? As Sir Henry James pointed out, the very essence of real Protestantism is the absolute equality of all religions; and yet Catholics are still excluded from offices which are accessible to Jews. There is nothing in the law to prevent a Catholic from becoming Prime Minister, but he must not hold the inferior post of Lord Chancellor. So gross are the absurdities of this anomaly that the Attorney-General was reduced to the pretext of suggesting that the Bill ought not to have been introduced because Mr. Gladstone had not made it quite clear that there were any legal disabilities after all. It is a point on which there is some difference of opinion amongst eminent lawyers. Some hold that all tests were swept away in 1863. The prevailing judgment, however, is that Catholics are debarred from the Lord Chancellorship and the Lord-Lieutenancy of Ireland by the terms of the Emancipation Act of 1829. But Mr. Gladstone's measure offered an opportunity of removing any ambiguity, and declaring, once for all, that a Catholic may occupy any post under the Crown. This is the reform that the opportunist bigots on the Treasury Bench opposed with the most childish pretences to which the House of Commons ever listened with conventional gravity.

It was left to a statesman like Colonel Saunderson to give free expression to the real animus of the Government. Mr. Smith and Sir Richard Webster feebly hinted at the argument that a Catholic Lord-Lieutenant would be dangerous to the Union. They were too much ashamed of this theory to lay much stress upon it; but Colonel Saunderson supplied the spirit of robust farce which was necessary to the situation. What would become of the Protestant minority if there were a Catholic Lord-Lieutenant and a Catholic Parliament in Dublin? How a Protestant Lord-Lieutenant could protect the minority any better than a Catholic was not explained. Nor was it made clear why a Catholic Lord-Lieutenant, who would be responsible to the Crown, could not be recalled if he gave any just ground for dissatisfaction. But as the Unionists believe Home Rule to be impossible, why should they oppose Mr. Gladstone's Bill because it is assumed to be the prelude to a Home Rule scheme? If the Union is to be maintained as it stands, why should not the Queen be represented in future by a Catholic peer? If the Duke of Norfolk were Lord-Lieutenant, how would the Union suffer? And, if Home Rule never came to pass, why should Lord Ripon do more harm as Irish Viceroy than a Unionist Duke? These are questions to which the mighty mind of Mr. Smith and the supplementary genius of Colonel Saunderson did not apply themselves. Ministers took their stand for no reason whatever, except a paralysing dread of Mr. Gladstone. They were afraid to accept a perfectly moderate and reasonable proposal because it had something to do with a policy which they tell us is as dead as Queen Anne. "Why bring forward this Bill now?" asked Mr. Smith, with an air of injury. "Why show this confidence that the next Lord-Lieutenant will be a Liberal, and suggest that he ought to be a Catholic?" In such a fright are these Ministers about their precious Union that they dare not run the risk of

even being supposed to admit that a Catholic Viceroy might represent the Imperial supremacy. And they have a sneaking hope that Mr. Gladstone will offend some Protestant electors who cannot be made to understand that the Pope exercises no more temporal authority over English Catholics than the Papal Rescript exercised over Irish priests. Nothing has been made more clear than that no Irish Catholic, lay or clerical, would dream of placing his civil allegiance at the mercy of the Vatican.

MR. GOSCHEN'S PLAN.

EVERYONE competent to form an opinion on the subject is in agreement with the Chancellor of the Exchequer that the cash reserves held by the joint-stock and private banks are utterly inadequate; so inadequate indeed that every now and then they expose the trade and credit of the country to grave danger. Everyone also is agreed that the stock of gold held usually by the Bank of England is too small. Therefore there will be little difference of opinion that something ought to be done to increase, first, the cash reserves held by the joint-stock and private banks, and secondly, the gold held by the Bank of England. But whether the Chancellor of the Exchequer has devised the best plan for attaining these two objects may well be doubted. He shrinks from proposing that the joint-stock and private banks should be required to keep adequate reserves. The Banking interest in Parliament and in the constituencies is very strong, and would oppose a stubborn resistance to such a proposal. It would argue that it was inequitable to impose a new obligation when the banks have been in existence for half a century or more, without giving any consideration. And it would further attempt to alarm the commercial community by pointing out that the holding of large reserves would raise seriously the rates of interest and discount. Therefore, Mr. Goschen is not prepared to require reserves to be kept. But he proposes to reach his end indirectly by insisting that the banks shall publish frequent accounts. At present the private banks publish no accounts at all, and the joint-stock banks only publish them twice a year. The intention is to require returns somewhat similar to those now issued by the Bank of England to be published either weekly or monthly. If the cash held in the coffers of the banks and at the Bank of England is clearly distinguished from the money lent at call to the bill brokers, no doubt the publication would go far to compel the keeping of adequate reserves. For if it was shown week after week or month after month that the banks were holding an inadequate amount of cash, public opinion would insist that the reserves should be increased. We venture to think, however, that if the law is to be changed at all, it should explicitly require sufficient reserves to be kept. However, it will be something if weekly returns are required; it will then remain with public opinion to insist upon the reform being effective. It is, however, the second proposal of the Chancellor of the Exchequer that is likely to excite the most discussion.

The Bank of England usually holds between twenty and twenty-four millions in gold, while the Imperial Bank of Germany holds about half as much again, the Bank of France holds fully twice as much, and the United States Treasury holds about three times as much. Yet the Bank of England is obliged to cash every one of its notes in gold, and therefore all the world is able to take the metal from it whenever it is required. This is a dangerous state of things, causing constant fluctuations in the rates of interest and discount, disturbing trade, and seriously affecting credit every now and then. The Chancellor of the Exchequer proposes to enable the Bank of England to increase its stock of gold by authorising it to issue one-pound notes. When the notes get into circulation, an equivalent amount of sovereigns and half-sovereigns will be displaced from the circulation, and will be deposited in the Bank of England. Mr. Goschen proposes that, suppose thirty millions of one-pound notes get into circulation, ten millions of the gold displaced shall be held as "a second reserve," not to be touched except in time of emergency, and that twenty millions shall be added to the stock already in the Issue Department. Now, there is a strong popular sentiment against one-pound notes in England. People argue that they were once in circulation and were deliberately rejected by the country; that, therefore, they ought not to be brought back again; that they are liable to become dirty, and to cause disease; and that, furthermore, they are easily lost. True, one-pound notes are very popular both in Scotland and in Ireland, while in the United States and many continental countries even smaller notes are in circulation. Therefore, the advocates of the one-pound note argue that the English people will soon become accustomed to them, and will readily accept them; that the feeling against them at present is a mere prejudice which will rapidly die out. Whether this be so or not, it is at all events evident that there is a doubt as to whether the plan proposed by Mr. Goschen will be practically successful; and it is a strong objection to a plan which is brought forward as a remedy for an admittedly dangerous state of things that it runs counter to the popular sentiment and that, therefore, it is very doubtful whether it can be carried into operation. It would seem better to enable the Bank of England to increase its reserve in times of emergency by some method which would not be opposed to the present feeling of the country, or at all events of a considerable section of the community. There are many ways in which this could be done. For instance, the Bank of England is already authorised to issue about sixteen millions of notes on the security of Consols, and this fiduciary issue might be considerably increased. Or the plan which has been adopted in Germany and works well in practice might be copied. The Imperial Bank of Germany is authorised to issue about fifteen millions sterling of notes without holding either gold or silver. It is moreover authorised to issue notes against all the coin and bullion it holds. And, lastly, it may issue a further amount of notes by paying a duty of 5 per cent. upon the excess over the authorised issue and the coin and bullion it holds. There are other ways in which the Bank might meet an emergency, but it is enough to point out one with which we are familiar ourselves, another which works practically well in a great neighbouring country.

Let us assume, however, that the feeling against one-pound notes is overcome, and that thirty millions of them are got into circulation. Then, according to the plan, ten millions of the gold displaced would be held as "a second reserve" in such a way that it could not be touched except an emergency arose. Further, it would not be allowed to be touched if there was a large drain of gold to any foreign country. Mr. Goschen made this point very clear in his speech at Leeds. Indeed, he put it forward as one of the merits of his plan that it would not risk the export of gold which is now in the circulation, and, therefore, cannot be easily got at. But financial crises are of two kinds,

one internal and the other external. Mr. Goschen's plan would meet the former, but it would not meet the latter. If the state of things were such that there was no foreign demand for gold, then the Government of the day would lend to the Bank of England as much of the ten millions of gold as might be required, and the Bank would issue additional notes against the loan, so increasing its reserve in the emergency and putting an end to panic. But if there was a large foreign demand for gold, the second reserve would be held tightly by the Government; the Bank of England could not increase its reserve, and a panic would ensue. The remedy then is only a partial remedy, and, as such, seems unacceptable. There is another point. Of the thirty millions of gold which, on our assumption, would be displaced from the circulation, twenty millions would be held by the Bank of England to ensure the exchangeability of the one-pound notes. What guarantee does the plan offer that these twenty millions—or, at least, a large part of them—would not be exported? At present they are in the circulation and cannot be withdrawn without seriously disturbing the whole business of the country. But if they were replaced by notes and lodged in the Bank of England, they could be as easily withdrawn as the present stock of twenty or twenty-four millions. It would seem, therefore, that under the new state of things we should be risking the loss of a large proportion, not of twenty millions, but of forty millions in gold. It may be answered that the joint-stock and private banks, being compelled by public opinion to hold adequate reserves, would not be able, as they are at present, to compete with one another so that they would reduce unduly the rates of interest and discount, and thereby lead to the export of gold. Granted that this would be so in ordinary times. But what would happen if, let us suppose, silver legislation led to a panic in the United States, or danger of war caused a crash in Berlin, or a revolution in Portugal or Spain had a like effect in Paris? In any of these cases there would be a demand for gold either for New York, or Berlin, or Paris. And what protection does the plan afford for the twenty millions which are now in the circulation, but which would then be payable by the Bank of England on the presentation of one-pound notes? If the Bank of England could be so reorganised that it would obtain permanent control of the outside market, a protection would be afforded. But what is there in the plan to give the Bank of England permanent control? And if there is nothing, what other guarantee does it afford that our second state would not be worse than our first?

SIR JOHN MACDONALD'S CHANGE OF FRONT.

THE dissolution of the Canadian Parliament has come sooner than was expected, and under conditions wholly unlooked-for. The champions of Protection have renounced their own policy. Sir John Macdonald, who has always resisted reciprocity with the United States, and who proposed to meet the McKinley Act with retaliatory duties, has recognised that it is in the interest of the country and of his Government to execute a sudden *volte-face*. The Tory Imperialist policy is thrown overboard. The Government advocates the re-enactment of the reciprocity treaty with the United States, under which Canada made the greatest progress, and proposes arrangements for the settlement of the irritating fisheries disputes which have disturbed the relations of the two countries. Having crippled the commerce and arrested the development of the Dominion by his vicious protection and demoralising subsidies, Sir John Macdonald now asks the electors to return him to power on the policy of his opponents. It remains to be seen whether the Canadian people will accept this standard of political morality, and forget the services of Liberal leaders like Mr. Wilfrid Laurier, Sir Richard Cartwright, and Mr. Alex. Mackenzie, who have consistently advocated commercial freedom and reciprocity with the American Republic.

For twelve years now Canada has been under Tory rule. During that period Sir John Macdonald has pursued what is known as the National Policy. In one way the National Policy has been of service to Canada and the Empire. Sir John has built up a magnificent railway system which has unified the detached provinces of the Dominion and promoted the military interests of the Empire. He has also subsidised railways to promote his own interests, until the Government has become something like a vast transportation company. This policy has been carried out at a tremendous cost to the Canadian people, which the commercial side of Sir John's system has rendered all the harder to bear. He has adopted a policy of commercial isolation, imposing high tariffs against the United States, the Mother Country, and all foreign nations. It is this policy which has checked the development of the Dominion and oppressed its people. Its commerce expands but slowly; its population remains stationary. The only things which have shown a vigorous tendency to increase have been the national debt and the import duties. The good which Sir John Macdonald has done in one direction has been nullified by his restrictive policy, which has arrested the material growth of the Dominion, to the profit of its big neighbour the United States. The recent American census shows that there are one million native Canadians resident in the States. To these must be added other two millions made up of their children and of emigrants, some of whom the Canadian Government have "assisted" out. These three millions Canada might have retained if it had been in a healthy and prosperous condition. But no country can flourish under high protection, least of all a new country. The population in fifty-two out of eighty-two rural constituencies in Ontario—by far the richest province in Canada—has decreased during the last ten years, and the total population of the province has only increased 4,000 in that period.

It was when Canada had closer commercial relations with the United States that it showed the greatest expansion. During the period when the reciprocity treaty was in force—from 1855 to 1865—Canadian trade received its greatest impulse. In the latter year the export trade to the United States amounted to close on 40,000,000 dollars—almost as much as it is to-day. In twelve years under reciprocity it had increased 280 per cent.; in the twenty-three years since the increase has only been 9 per cent. The Liberal Administration which came to an end in 1878 adopted a far less restrictive policy than its successor, and the country was consequently more prosperous. The manufactured goods exported in 1889 were of less value than the quantity exported in 1876.

Sir John Macdonald's protection, therefore, has not paid. The country has become more and more restless under it, and for several years a general demand has been made by the Liberal Party for reciprocity with the United States. Mr. Goldwin Smith and a few others would like to see commercial union end in annexation, but there is little demand for it at present. It may be the "manifest destiny"

of the Dominion to be linked to the States, but at the present time its annexation would be a disadvantage to the Republic and of no benefit to itself. With reciprocity or commercial union it is different. Of the two systems, reciprocity is preferable, as by the latter Canada would sacrifice its commercial independence, and the tariff duties would be regulated at Washington.

It has often been pointed out that for commercial purposes Canada should be an integral part of the United States. Its provinces are separated by great lakes and mountain ranges, but all join naturally to the States. It is in the interest of Nova Scotia to trade with New England. The rich province of Ontario prefers to deal with the five millions of people in the neighbouring states of Wisconsin, Michigan, and Minnesota, rather than with the five millions scattered about from Vancouver to Halifax —over a territory 4,000 miles in length and 300 miles wide. The commercial headquarters of the new Canadian North-West is not Winnipeg or Toronto, but Minneapolis and St. Paul. The easy interchange of commerce is eminently to the advantage of both countries. Rich in mineral resources, producing more ores than it can manufacture, Canada is able to supply American manufacturers with the raw material they need. The Americans want the produce of the Canadian farms and forests, and all the surplus articles of consumption. Although the interchange of commerce has been hampered by custom houses along two thousand miles of frontier, Canadian trade has in recent years been more and more with the United States. In 1889 Canada exported goods to the value of 43½ million dollars to the United States, as compared with 38 millions to England, and 7 millions to other countries. America takes almost all the export of Canadian iron, coal, hides, beef, oats, salt, hay, straw, potatoes, and wood. It is evident, therefore, that the best policy for Canada is to cultivate friendly commercial relations with its southern neighbour in order to find a market for its surplus crops and raw material. In return it will import manufactured goods cheaper than they are produced at home, for the development of its young industries.

WHAT LONDON MIGHT BE.

IT is satisfactory to find an agitation beginning, worthily led by Mr. Shaw Lefevre, for removing the many reproaches under which London, as a city, has been too long allowed to rest. The strengthening of local interest, to which the creation of a London Parliament has given rise, and the advances which we are making in the direction of municipal socialism, have raised expectations of improvement which ought not to be disappointed. The County Council, still young and impressionable, is open to new ideas, and Londoners can only blame themselves if they miss the opportunity of urging their claims with effect.

It is not difficult to enumerate the weak points of the existing state of things. Of the two evils—the darkness and the mud—which have been most noticeable in the last two months, and which render London every winter an intolerable dwelling-place, it may seem Utopian to expect the end. But the abolition of the vestries would do a great deal to introduce cleanliness in the keeping of the streets, and a serious attempt to cope with the smoke-nuisance would probably have more effect than people realise in banishing the terror of the fog.

It is chiefly, however, towards questions of structural improvement that the hopes of reformers turn. What can be done to increase facilities for traffic? What can be done to make London beautiful, and to enable its inhabitants to take their pleasure in its streets? On the first point, the difficulty which readily occurs to one is the want of great arteries, or thoroughfares, running north and south. Communication between the Strand and Holborn on the one side, and between Holborn and the Euston Road upon the other, is far from easy. The removal of the gates and bars which block the squares of Bloomsbury will be a step in the direction of remedying this, but much more is needed before the tide of traffic which fills Fetter Lane and Chancery Lane, and the intricate windings on the west of Lincoln's Inn, can flow without obstruction. One broad thoroughfare is wanted to run from the Hampstead Road to Waterloo Bridge, utilising Gower Street and Wellington Street in its course. Another is wanted to penetrate northwards from the east end of Holywell Street, which ought to disappear, across Lincoln's Inn Fields and Oxford Street, up to St. Pancras Church.

Let it be admitted that, while it is easy to point out these needs upon the map, to translate them into practice requires a command of power and of money which even a democratic municipality finds it hard to obtain. But more practicable and even more attractive are the projects for beautifying London which have been recently advanced. What is wanted here are more broad boulevards, more beautiful buildings, and more open spaces; and the opportunity for interference is afforded by the narrowness of many existing streets, the poverty of the low buildings which line them, and even in the centre of the town the waste of space. Owing chiefly to the efforts of a few public-spirited people, the supply of open spaces round about London is increasing every day. The object to which attention is now directed is the possibility of forming two systems of boulevards—one giving access from the great centres of population to the wide commons and parks outside, the other running through or round the heart of London, and utilising as far as possible existing thoroughfares in its course. Mr. Shaw Lefevre's happy suggestion of throwing into the roads the dreary garden strips, which so often separate the houses from the streets, might be applied in all parts of London. The Marylebone Road and the Euston Road, in the north; several of the streets of Whitechapel and Stepney, in the east; the Old Kent Road, the Walworth Road, and many another in the south, are laid out on this system, and could be turned to account in this way. Where necessary the links between these great highways would be provided by clearing away the small streets about them; but in the outlying parts of London such clearances would not be necessary to any large extent. To plant such boulevards with trees, to provide them with seats and fountains, and so to plan them that their gaps and meeting-places would be filled, as in Paris, by monuments and churches, and not by mean back-walls and hideous hoardings, would then be a labour of love; and for such purposes the opulent patriotism of Londoners might well be asked to help.

The objections to some such comprehensive scheme of reform for the whole of London are not really very serious: the old plea that there was no central authority competent to carry out such a work is now disposed of. The stock argument that Londoners do not care for their city was never based on fact, and is now ceasing to command belief. The equally familiar argument that any complete scheme requires, in order to succeed, despotic powers behind it, can be met by conferring on the County Council

large compulsory powers of purchasing land, and especially freehold ground-rents; and the despotism of a popularly elected body will always be subject to a salutary restraint. The only real difficulty, the cost of the enterprise, could be met by beginning on a humble scale, and by ingeniously utilising the facilities which exist, while the improved value of the land, and the increased height and rental of the buildings abutting on the boulevards, would tend gradually to repay the outlay.

The traditional objection to the effect that the English climate does not permit people to congregate out of doors, and that, if boulevards existed in London, they would not be used as promenades, is so weak as hardly to need the contradiction given to it every night by the crowds which make populous such streets as the Commercial Road and Newington Causeway and all the great thoroughfares of working London. Lastly, if it be urged that the County Council has not the energy or ambition to undertake schemes on so vast a scale, then by all means let a society be founded, as some of our correspondents have suggested, to show that the public is really interested in the matter, and prepared to agitate until these reasonable proposals cease to be looked upon as dreams.

RHODES AND AFRICA.

THE present week is likely to be a momentous one in the history of the British African Empire. Sir Henry Loch, Governor-General of the Cape of Good Hope and High Commissioner for South Africa, and the Hon. Cecil Rhodes, Premier of Cape Colony and guiding spirit of the British South African Company, have arrived in London to lay before H.M. Government their views as regards British interests and Portuguese claims in Africa, south of the Zambesi; while Mr. Rhodes, it is understood, is to further confer with Lord Salisbury on the position of the South African Company in the lands under British protection north of the Zambesi.

Very grave issues lie in Lord Salisbury's hands. Is he to quarrel with an ancient ally, a gallant, proud little people of Western Europe, or to disappoint and check our South African Empire in its lusty expansion? If he forces unwelcome terms on the Portuguese he may cause a revolution among that people which will bring about the downfall of the Braganza dynasty, the establishment of a Lusitanian Republic, and a consequent shock that is likely to affect Spain severely, and to reverberate tumultuously throughout Europe. Yet if he gives in to Portuguese pretensions, he will estrange South African sympathies, lead to the growth of French interests on the Manica plateau, and increase the danger of an open quarrel with Portugal; for though the South African Company may withdraw from the disputed territory, the not very forbearing or patient miners and settlers will remain—and have a right to remain—and if the Portuguese officials and French *actionnaires* of the Mozambique Chartered Company attempt to oust them, there will certainly arise a quarrel between British and Portuguese which the Governments of the respective countries will find it hard to witness unmoved.

It is deeply to be regretted that we are not, in this matter of South-east African boundaries, facing a first-class Power like France or Germany. Then no one could accuse us of bullying if we insisted on fair terms, or on terms actually favourable to ourselves. Probably the settlement of our respective claims in Nyassaland or in Manica, had France or Germany stood in the place of Portugal, would have been made with as much promptness and friendliness as attended the fixing of our western frontier in South Africa with Germany.

But in the case of Portugal there seems to be almost no hope of a reasonable settlement. We framed a Convention last August which was entirely favourable to Portuguese claims everywhere where Portugal could show existing or historic rights, or even a strong sentiment. It was known that the frontier delimitations in this treaty would not be entirely satisfactory to South Africa, but this consideration gave way before a desire to bring the Anglo-Portuguese conflict to a close, and to present the Portuguese Ministry with terms which they might justly expect the Cortes to accept. This Convention was rejected by the Portuguese Parliament, or rather it was not satisfied by the date agreed upon. Consequently it became null and void, and Lord Salisbury warned the Portuguese Government that Great Britain would not be bound by its stipulations.

Therefore, the South African Company no longer held its hand, but in September last treated with the native independent Chief of Manica. In November, to prevent further conflicts and disputes which might occur on debatable ground, Great Britain and Portugal concluded a *modus vivendi* to last for six months, at the end of which period each Power should be free to reconsider its position. Consequently some time during the coming spring the whole question of the Anglo-Portuguese boundary in East Africa will have to be gone into again, and it will be then that Lord Salisbury may find himself unable, in face of South African opinion, to yield to the Portuguese that corner of the Manica plateau which was cut off from the sphere of British influence by the Convention of August 20th. In other respects the British Government is anxious to deal gently with Portugal, and not to make that excitable little country (whose entire population is just equal to that of London) suffer unduly for its petulant rejection of the favourable settlement offered to it last summer. That this question of Manica is no mere sordid coveting of gold mines* by the South African Company, is shown by the presence of Sir Henry Loch in England. He, it is understood, is strongly opposed to our handing over to a Franco-Portuguese company important strategical positions on the edge of the Central South African plateau.

Let the limit of this table-land be the natural frontier between England and Portugal, south of the Zambesi. Portugal has fortunately shown her hand prematurely. In granting this charter, which transfers the bulk of her trans-Zambesian possessions to the control of a mixed French and Portuguese syndicate, she has sought to drag France into these South African questions, while at the same time she endeavours to close her provinces of South-east Africa to British missionaries, traders, engineers, and capitalists, by either forbidding their enterprise, or confronting it with a powerful monopoly. She closes the rivers to free navigation, and in numerous ways hampers the access from Mashonaland to the sea. All this no doubt she has a right to do within those territories recognised as hers; but this being so, when her interior frontier is in dispute, we are hardly likely to concede all her claims and abandon positions to which we have quite as much right as she has—possibly, a more clearly legitimate claim.

* As a matter of fact, the corner of the plateau in dispute is poor in gold.

CHRONICLE OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

THE Ministerial crisis in Italy has come as a surprise upon Europe. Our columns, indeed, last week contained a letter from Signor Bonghi, which indicated that a collapse was at hand. Difficulties were crowding so thickly upon the Ministry that Signor Crispi, who the week before had allowed his temper to fail him on the Electoral Reform Bill, lost it altogether last Saturday, and insulted the memory of the Minghetti Ministry in a way that was too much for the patience or self-restraint of the Right. They were, indeed, perhaps already predisposed to take offence by his neglect of their claim to representation in the impending reconstruction of the Cabinet. The storm broke at once. After a demonstration which was violent even for Italy, and in which Signor Crispi was deserted dramatically by one of his own colleagues, a vote of confidence was refused by 186 to 123. English criticism, with strange superficiality, has treated the whole business as a mere outbreak of temper on both sides. Signor Bonghi's letter in our issue last week made it clear that there were three or four rocks ahead, on any one of which the heterogeneous majority, "large rather than reliable or compact," was extremely likely to go to pieces. The Budget statement the week before had been received with the utmost coldness. The Electoral Reform Bill, called by Signor Crispi the death-warrant of the newly elected Chamber, had nevertheless been accorded urgency. The Provincial Administration Bill would have given the Ministry a free hand in rearranging local administration, and thereby exciting local jealousies in a country whose whole history—at least, till quite recently—has tended to keep them alive. The economies in the Army and in public works, desired in the abstract, were each certain to annoy some section of the public, especially Government employés and contractors, present or expectant, and all their friends and relations. Last, not least, the proximate cause of the explosion—the "catenaccio" law imposing a fresh duty on spirits, nominally only till May 31st, but with the avowed intention of its renewal—subjected the distilling industry and the industrial consumption of spirits to that peculiarly annoying interference and uncertainty which is produced by an indirect tax that is also provisional. Moreover, both this law and the proposed "readjustments" of taxation on such necessities as salt and petroleum, were flagrant violations of the pledges against fresh taxation given during the electoral campaign not only by Signor Crispi at Turin and elsewhere, but by the chiefs of all the fractions that composed his majority, including two members of the old Right, the Marchese di Rudini and Signor Luzzatti, both of whom took a leading part in precipitating this present crisis. How, indeed—especially in the face of the serious distress in North Italy—could they have met their constituents without some such protest as this?

Signor Crispi may of course simply mean to "lie low" to prove that he is indispensable, and to return stronger than ever. His follower, Signor Zanardelli, has refused to supplant him, and urged the King to recall him to power; and though as we go to press a Coalition Ministry, drawn mainly from the Right, is announced as probable, it is just possible that the next move may be merely one of the fresh rearrangements so familiar of late years in Italian politics. But now that Crispi has fallen, attempts are being made to reorganise Italian parties, if possible, on the old lines—in any case, on a doctrinal basis rather than a personal. The result may probably be to give increased stability to parliamentary government in Italy. The French papers, of course, say that Signor Crispi's overthrow has produced a sense of relief throughout Europe second only to that which followed the fall of Prince Bismarck. At any rate, the Italian Funds felt the relief, and rose at once. The effect on the Triple Alliance next year is as yet beyond prophecy. The King, at any rate, has exhibited the utmost anxiety to make it clear to the Cabinets of Berlin and Vienna that no change is to take place in the foreign policy of Italy. But how long is Italy to exhaust herself to confer a dubious benefit on Europe?

The Republican rising in Portugal last Friday has been represented as a mere outbreak of discontent on the part of a few non-commissioned officers in garrison at Oporto. The measures taken by the Government indicate that this view is hardly tenable. Suspension of *habeas corpus*, domiciliary visits, wholesale suppression of Republican newspapers—with only one exception—and trials by court-martial, indicate that the Government is doing its best to crush out any future rising in advance. It is reported too that an attempt had been made to secure a mutiny in the Navy, and that at Lisbon, Coimbra, Vigo, and Braga—and perhaps elsewhere—preparations had been made for an outbreak for which the success of that at Oporto was to give the signal; and even that the Spanish Republicans knew of the movement, and were prepared, had the event permitted, to proclaim the Iberian Republic. If so, it is a pity the rising coincided so nearly with the Spanish general elections. Many prominent Portuguese Republicans, indeed, stood apart from the movement. Still there can be no doubt that the situation is grave. According to a letter published in the *Times*' City article on Wednesday, Portuguese Treasury Bills, bearing high interest, are being "hawked about" among English financial houses without finding a purchaser; and the proportion of the National Debt per head of population is not far from double that which exists in Italy, which, in all conscience, is heavily burdened enough. Again, the policy of "developing the national resources," pursued by past Governments, has been merely a euphemism for the creation of monopolies and the perpetration of jobs. The last Ministry perpetrated a job of another kind on a truly Transatlantic scale, but on the principle that the spoils of office are the consolation of the vanquished; there is an ever-increasing deficit; and upon all this comes a not unnatural irritation of national feeling by the events in Africa, and an increased expenditure on war material which cannot but be useless. Then, too, there is the example successfully set by Brazil. The very meagreness of the preparations made for the revolt at Oporto indicates that the Revolutionists expected (not without reason) that it would be easy to ensure a general explosion.

The first Parliamentary elections in Spain under universal suffrage have resulted in a very decided victory for the Government. The Liberals of various shades frittered away their strength, as was predicted, in fruitless divisions, and so lost even the seats, in Madrid for instance, which they might have secured through the representation of minorities. Seven Carlists were returned; but the Socialists, on the other hand, made a very poor show at the polls—Spanish Socialism being apparently of one or other of the militant "abstentionist" and "anti-possibilist" types—and did not secure a single seat, while in the country districts the unsparing exercise of pressure by the officials and the priesthood, and the traditional submissiveness of the populace, have combined with the recent Protectionist decrees of the Government to secure the return of the Ministerial candidates. Half the electors, however, abstained. Universal suffrage here, as elsewhere on the Continent, is in fact the preliminary to political activity rather than its result. The Republicans of all shades have secured a very decided success, relatively to that of the Opposition as a whole. Still three-fourths of the seats have been secured by the Government, and the Protectionist character of the Chamber is even more strongly marked. The numbers are given as—289 Ministerialists, 95 Liberals following Signor Sagasta, 25 Liberals of other types, 27 Republicans, 7 Carlists. The Republicans, however, had hoped to gain 40 seats. But the Republican vote has considerably surpassed the official calculations.

A good deal of interest has been excited on the Continent by the removal—in the guise of promotion—by the German Emperor, of Count von Waldersee from the post he has hitherto occupied of Chief of the Staff, and his appointment, against his will, to the command of the weakest of the German Army Corps. Following on the retirement of General Leszcynski, due in reality, it is alleged, to his friendship with Prince Bismarck, the change has naturally stimulated comment; and the official and Imperial explanation that Count von Waldersee is promoted to the command of an army corps that he may be fitted in the future to command an army, is not generally accepted as complete. At any rate, Count Waldersee prefers retirement to this mark of Imperial favour. Possibly the objection to him is purely personal. But it is very likely that the Emperor means to be his own Chief of Staff, as he is his own Minister of Education, and virtually, it is alleged, his own Chancellor.

ON GREEN BENCHES.

A REMARK of Colonel Sandys in the course of the debate on Mr. Gladstone's Disabilities Bill, that he expected to see Irish priests walking up the floor of the House, and invoking the Virgin Mary, awakened the House to an unwonted effort of imagination. Earlier in the afternoon it had been startled by a vision more magnificent still, and far more substantial. This was the spectacle of Mr. Sheriff Farmer and Mr. Sheriff Harris in scarlet and furs, with a gentleman in black between, appearing at the bar, and with many bows presenting a City petition on the water question. It is no discredit to Mr. Sheriff Farmer to say that he was not on this occasion the observed of House of Commons eyes. Mr. Harris had so clearly arranged the whole entertainment, his bows were such featly performances, and he was in a word such an ideally pictorial Sheriff, that the House narrowly escaped the grave parliamentary offence of cheering a stranger. However, having lost one entertainer, it fell back on another. There was a whoop of schoolboy delight, garnished with a true Tannerian yell, as Colonel Sandys, with an unmoved face, brought up to the table an Orange petition against Mr. Gladstone's Bill. The Colonel is a large man and a grave, the petition was bulky, and it was rolled round with what Mr. Gladstone, watching its progress to the table with an eye full of malign humour, afterwards described as "concealing under the shape of a roller what might be a very formidable weapon of offence." It was an added pleasure to watch Mr. Johnston follow Colonel Sandys, and bring up, as it were, the rear of the Protestant alliance. Mr. Johnston was not at all calm. His long russet beard (Lord Randolph, by the way, has returned with a new French-cut brown beard, which makes him look like a *gommeux*) wagged fiercely, the Old Man opposite with the marble-pale face watching him with a gentle smile.

The speech which followed these demonstrations was one of the finest which Mr. Gladstone has delivered in recent years. It is always a sight of grace to see the ex-Premier in one of his happy and exalted moods, strung to the keen pitch of thought and emotion, at which one observes this magnetic personality at its best. He never spoke more brilliantly; never exhibited a more electric energy; never more delighted the eye with the beauty of his face, the lithe sweep and bend of his figure; never satisfied the ear more fully with the delicious *timbre* of his voice, its low solemn note, its grand free swell. The speaker looked pathetically old, but his oration had all the enchanting illusion of youth. The matter was as fine as the manner—full of knowledge, humour, subtlety, and the ripe sweetness of the statesman's later years. Both sides were obviously convinced by it, and a conspicuous convert was made in the person of young Lord Cranborne. If men always voted in the House according to their convictions—which they do not—it would have carried the Bill. Yet it was a fighting speech. The disability aimed at was "an anomaly, an injustice, a discredit"—that was the strong keynote. The war was pitilessly carried into the enemy's country. Mr. Goschen was slyly reminded of his vote for a similar proposal in 1868; and poor Mr. Chaplin, sitting far to the Chancellor's left, was singled out as the "prop and pillar of everything that deserves to be overthrown and ruined."

It is Mr. Matthews, however, who has most cause to remember the perverse and untimely brilliancy of the G. O. M. From the first Mr. Gladstone set himself deliberately to "draw" the Home Secretary. He had brought down an historical argument, singularly deft and convincing, to the point where he asked the House whether, with a view of keeping up the ancient notion of the Lord Chancellor as the private chaplain of the Sovereign, it was willing to replace Lord Halsbury in the position of Confessor to the Queen. A mental vision of the Lord Chancellor in the garb of a father confessor crossed the House, and there was a cackle of delight. In the midst of it Mr. Gladstone turned sharp on the Home Secretary. If the Lord Chancellor had ecclesiastical patronage, so had the Home Secretary in relation to the Isle of Man and the Channel Islands. Then pray (in a rapid change of note), what had he done with it? handed it over to another Minister? And Mr. Gladstone paused for a reply. Mr. Matthews rose to the bait. Well, he had handed it over to the First Lord of the Treasury, then Lord Salisbury. It was delicious to watch the snap of the old man's eyelids as he flicked over the leaves of the Catholic Relief Act, until he had got at the clause which showed that the blushing Home Secretary had committed the high constitutional crime of handing over patronage to a Minister when he should have delegated it to the Archbishop of Canterbury. Poor Mr. Matthews! If he had been ordered straight away to the clock tower he would have gone as a lamb to the slaughter.

In this triumphing mood—now merry, now solemn—the hands clenched and raised in the familiar gesture, the note and elevation of voice varying finely with every sentence, and carrying on the rhythm of the speech in flawless accuracy and resistless flow, the Old Man went on till he had swept everything in the shape of an argument from his path—the foolish *ex*clusiveness of the present disabilities—the way they set a bar and a stigma on one set of Christians—their more foolish *in*clusiveness—their admission to the Chancellorship of Jews, and Hindoos, and Atheists, and Mohammedans—of all but the followers of À Kempis and Gregory the Great! All the religions save one might come in; all the non-religions; only the Catholic stood outside. "I am asked," said Mr. Gladstone, smiting an unlucky pamphlet to which he had already referred, "whether I can propose this Bill as a Christian; I CAN; I will; I do!" he cried, with a ringing note, and a long sweep of the extended arms. Half a dozen beautifully spoken sentences recalled the fresh moral of the Bradlaugh episode; a final rounded phrase set the religious and constitutional arguments in compact order side by side; and the Old Man sat down to enjoy his triumph.

After such a display of the vanishing art of perfect speech, nothing that could follow it could be aught but bathos. Mr. Smith's reply was unusually poor, mean, and trivial bathos. The Government fought the question on party lines, but made no appeal on any ground but that of the shiftiest expediency. Intellectually the debate fell very low—from Smith to Gedge the Smug; from Gedge to De Lisle. All that could be hoped for was a stroke of unconscious humour, and this Mr. de Lisle supplied. Colonel Saunderson had preceded him with a glowingly inconsequent eulogy of the Reformation. Apparently it was this which determined Mr. de

Lisle's vote for the Bill. "Why, oh why, did you go and glorify the Reformation? You have compelled me to vote against my Government," said poor Mr. de Lisle, a very Niobe—"one arm out"—appealing to an obdurate Orange colonel. Who could resist such a plea? Alas, and alas! the Home Secretary. Resolutely closing his ears to cries of "Matthews," he had struck a bargain between his conscience and his colleagues, and, loving not the former less but the latter more, had discreetly abstained from the division.

MEISSONIER.

A SMALL writer has somewhere said that the true aim of life should be to merit a grand funeral. He is a Frenchman. So was Meissonier; and his gorgeous obsequies were probably designed to give the assurance of a life well spent. The artist was taken to his grave by infantry, cavalry, and artillery, and a Minister pronounced his funeral oration. His death was of a piece with his career, for he lived like a prince, almost from first to last. All of us know the superb quality of his art: he was a Frenchman with certain great masters of Holland for his spiritual ancestors, and his true date was two centuries ago. Much has happened in France since he began to paint, and art has wandered far away from his ideal of solid workmanship and figures set in the studio light. The search is for atmosphere, for impression, and for half a dozen other things which never entered into his estimate of perfections, complex as it was. The young men are trying for other things, simply because if they tried for the things he had in view they could never hope to succeed so well. It would be cheering to know that they were trying for a simpler life. The life that finds its fitting close in a grand funeral attained its utmost reach surely in Meissonier. He was ruined by his taste for upholstery. It is the weakness of most of the French artists, especially of those men who were the contemporaries of his maturity as well as of his old age. It is not a weakness of French men of letters. Hugo lived to the last in the simplest way. For years he was lodged in the Rue de Clichy, in an apartment that would not have been beyond the means of a retired grocer. For years after that, until he reached the closing hour, he had a modest little house near the Arc. Zola lives in much the same style. Daudet at his best lodged in the quarter of the Observatory among the professors who in all time have had to cut their coat according to their cloth.

But the artists! They have a mania for bricks and mortar—or, rather, for carved stone. The new quarter by the Avenue de Villiers has been almost created by the extravagance of their tastes. They think only of fine pictures as a means to the end of fine houses. If anything happens—and something always happens—they fall into the hands of the money-lenders; and then, long before the palace is ready, it is the painter's only in name. It belongs to M. Melchisedec round the corner; and every picture yet to be for the next ten years is his by virtue of the same imperious necessity. Big work is not to be done, much less conceived, under this compulsion of bills maturing next month. The poor bondmen fall back on portraits, and in the end become mere transmitters of the foolish faces of their generation. If French art is not what it was, this is the cause of it. The artists have gone into society. They are to be seen in frock-coats at afternoon tea. They paint only between whiles, and the serious business is to hold their own with the magnates of the Turf and of the Stock Exchange. Meissonier tried hard for both the good things—the perfect house and the perfect art. But the art had to suffer, even with him. He was obliged to condescend to portraits, and, worst of all humiliations, to portraits of people he did not care a fig about. While Lemoinne and such-like were the sitters, it did not matter; but when it came to the others, he began to suffer for it. He tried to vindicate himself by his severities towards those who were least welcome to his studio. He would paint them, and especially their womankind, just as they came to him, with nothing extenuated, but with all their wrinkles, all the powder with which they tried to hide them, set down so faithfully that the disgusted sitters thought them set down in malice. His paintings of painted women, marvels of caricature in their absolute fidelity, are triumphs of realistic art; but few of them will ever be seen. Their cruel fidelity was his protest against thankless toil.

In truth, he was wrong to make the sitters suffer, for the fault was all his own. What did he want with the big house in the quarter of Monceau, and the bigger one at Poissy? A watertight barn would have served his purpose in art just as well. In his style of building he seemed always waiting for another Emperor Charles to pick up another pencil. He built to receive "the quality." There were bits in the house in the Boulevard Malesherbes which were quite beyond the reach of monarchs, inasmuch as Meissonier designed all the decorations himself. At Poissy there was a foolish sort of château, made out of a transmogrified country house. There was another frivolity in the south. Having to carry these three houses on his back, his pace towards perfect independence was less than the pace of the snail. In fact, he never reached it. But outwardly he made a brave show, and he was altogether a very splendid being. Nature had played tricks with his person in framing it for this part. He was a small man, yet, in certain situations, he looked quite a big one. He seemed Hercules to the waist—where he was not Michael Angelo's Moses, in the fine bold head and sweeping beard. But below the waist he dwindled into obscurity. His feet were smaller than most women's, and quite as beautifully proportioned. He was but a pocket Hercules, and at his worst he looked like something that might be worn on a watch-chain. His look symbolised his life, which was showy, but not very solid in the foundations. He had worries and cares that no man of genius ought to have, to be seen at his best. They were cares outside his work as a genius. They were not problems in colour and composition, but problems in the ridiculous science of making ends meet. To the last the dealers held him firm, and he had to do as much of their bidding as it was possible for a man of his self-will and sense of his own value to do. How many artists in England are in the like case? No few. This race when it touches fame cannot live simply. It lives by the pride of the eye, and easily falls into the temptation of a brougham and a butler. Then comes the fatal moment when the liabilities, actual and prospective, necessitate an annual income of thousands, and a mode of production that is mere sleight of hand. Adieu to all research, to all loyalty to the pure idea, to all love of the art for the art's sake. The monthly output must be something in hundreds, and every performance is but a pot-boiler under a sounding name. Our great men eat too many dinners. If they would meet once a month to feast on bread and cheese, and to toast art in small beer, it would do them and their country a world of good.

THE NOVEL OF THE FUTURE.—II.

CONVENTIONALITY has plenty of disguises: but to the conscientious artist she is most deadly when masquerading as Art itself and uttering half-truths. "Life," she tells the novelist, "is full of infinite detail. You, who aspire to depict many people influencing each other over considerable spaces of time, must be aware that you can only select amid this infinity. Moreover, life has few *dénoûments*, and those unsatisfactory. Men and women, as a rule, have no definite beginning, middle,

or end to their experiences; whereas a novel, to be properly constructed, must possess these. Therefore you must select mainly with a view to the structure you desire to give your work."

The answer to this is, "Art can only continue to exist by flying in the face of artistic propriety. If life has few *dénoûments*, and I aspire to depict life, why in the world should I insist on *dénoûments* and thrust my little jugglery into the midst of the great calm performance? If life abhors a climax, why should I end with one, instead of merely ceasing (as Homer ceases, for instance)? Of course it is possible to find *dénoûments* in life; but why must the anomaly be more valued than the rule? I grant the infinite detail of life and the necessity of selection. But I emphatically deny that this selection should be made mainly with a view to structure. For me to make structure equipollent with illustration of character is to set the creative power of my own brain above that of nature, and therefore to lose humility."

It can hardly be questioned that the enormous preponderance of the love-story in fiction is largely due to the ease with which it accepts a definite structure. Falling in love—impediments "why these two persons," etc.—marriage: here we have beginning, middle, and end made to our hand. But the prominence given by our novelists to prematrimonial love is surely a little absurd. With all respect for the British maiden it may be urged that her character grows in subtlety after marriage; that, in fact, she is slightly crude—a creature of half-knowledge, offering fetish-worship, of a singularly pure kind, to conventionality. Or, if this be denied, at least it will be allowed that she has yet to go through the great conflict; and to a student of life a fellow-creature who has done this and emerged, be it never so woefully battered and wounded, will always be more interesting than one who wears a bright armour that has never been tried.

Indeed there is far too much "sexual interest" in the conventional novelist's world. As a factor in human conduct love probably counts for less than ambition or self-interest (to say nothing of conscience). Yet novels in which ambition or self-interest forms the leading motive are few indeed. Conscience, it is true, finds a fuller treatment; but (if we except the "religious" novel) it is chiefly employed to settle nice points of casuistry in love-affairs. It is astounding that, while so many of Trollope's hints have been worked to death, the possibilities of new work suggested by his beautiful story "The Warden" should continue to be ignored.

We said in a former paper that the novelist's art, taking colour from the life he observes, will tend to become "democratic." This word is open to the charge of vagueness: but a sentence or two will make our meaning clear. "Democracy," as we are from time to time reminded, is merely a form of government—government by the whole body of the people as distinguished from government by a privileged class. It is obvious, however, that the social importance of the masses is growing with their political importance, and it is just this that fiction has, up to this time, failed miserably to take into account. The overwhelming proportion of our yearly mass of fiction deals with the habits and emotions of the upper middle class; and when the "lower classes" have the luck to find an interpreter, he usually speaks with a patronising inflection as one exhibiting their foibles for the delight of a superior species. The peasant is for ever "Hodge"—the asinine Hodge whose characteristics are the sport of his betters. The reason is simple. The ordinary novelist writes for the circulating library; which depends for patronage on the upper middle class; which, again, demands to be flattered. Nor can we expect a respectful study of the poor until the price of books is lowered and the poor become part of the novelist's public. Even so great a genius as George Meredith cannot escape the fashionable ineptitude. When he writes of the drudging Briton it is with a plentiful contempt, a deal of that same superficial cleverness which he himself treats so unmercifully in certain passages of "Beauchamp's Career," and a monstrous lack of real intelligence. Take the earlier chapters of "Sandra Belloni," if an instance be wanted. It is all done *de haut en bas;* whereas a right study of the subject demands a certain humility and abnegation of the pride of culture. In other words, sympathy must come before understanding. Here again Hardy's work is a bright example. Mrs. Woods's "A Village Tragedy" is another—unfolding its simple tale without impertinent comment and without intrusion of the "cultured" *ego*. Mr. Rudyard Kipling, too, seems to be aiming at the mark with his "Badalia Herodsfoot" and his "Soldiers Three"—if he will only follow Mrs. Woods's example so far as to curtail the running commentary, which is not only "cheap" in itself, but which, even if precious, would still interfere with the presentment of his characters. At present he is too much occupied with Mr. Rudyard Kipling to be quite intelligent. We rate "Terence Mulvaney" above "Badalia," as we rate Hardy's "Under the Greenwood Tree" above "A Village Tragedy," because the true cheerfulness of the masses lies less on the surface than their misery, and requires deeper study. And we rate Hardy first because he alone is insisting on the true dignity of the labouring man.

If we want to match the dignity of his "Woodlanders" we must travel far eastward to Russia; or across the Atlantic to Walt Whitman. Whitman has little power in Boston: for Boston is even more conventional than London and will hardly believe that a voice crying in a wilderness (that is to say, somewhere outside a club or a coterie) can have anything to say. And we will grant to Whitman's enemies (for argument's sake) every fault they find in his style. Nevertheless the dominant note of his teaching is the dignity of man, as man. He insists on the beauty of the toiling body and the toiling mind. He inveighs against the feudal traditions of literature. He invites it to study the people, convinced that the literature and art of a country "are of importance principally because they furnish the materials and suggestions of personality for the women and men of that country, and enforce them in a thousand effective ways." The same words are true on this side of the ocean. Whitman has touched the pith of the matter: for unless literature can help men and women to do the best with their surroundings by telling them the truth about themselves and their surroundings, it had better die to-morrow. There is a notion, lingering in this country, that "fiction" implies a lie. Fiction, on the contrary, is truth, or it ceases to have any excuse for existing. And because our novelists are selling their freedom to-day, and prattling amiable falsehoods to school-girls, they are the just laughing-stock of their enfranchised brothers throughout the world.

THE ENGLISH GENTLEMAN—NEW STYLE.

A YEAR or so ago the world was laughing rather sadly over the story of the egregious pigeon who, after many workmanlike pluckings, was neatly stripped of his last feathers in the year of her Majesty's Jubilee. The book of turf reminiscences we have here ("Racing Reminiscences and Experiences of the Turf"—Longmans) is a work of a different character to Mr. Benzon's. It is needless to say that Sir George Chetwynd is not a pigeon. He is, on the contrary, a very clever man, who has made racing pay for the last twenty-two years, and who, for aught we know, may live to see half a dozen "Jubilees" flutter feebly to their ruin. At the Chetwynd-Durham trial he put his winnings in stakes for one year at £9,000, and his gains in bets for another year at £5,000 or £6,000. Together, the two

sources of income must often have run into five figures. The book contains references to many single bets on each of which the gains were some thousands. What is more beautiful even than the dazzlement of individual *coups* is the clerk-like accuracy of Sir George's system, the beauty of his book-keeping, the sedate order of his scheme of life. Yet the field of enterprise was wide. Green turf or green table—all was one in this methodical amalgam of business and pleasure. From Epsom to Newmarket—from Brighton to Deauville—from roulette at Monte Carlo to baccarat at Nice—this Pilgrim of Sport had gone his unwearied way—in search, if not precisely of The Good, at least of The Good Thing—and not with empty scrip. There is something petrifying in the very gravity and simplicity of the delineation of such an existence. "I had now learned to play carefully" (this of the tables at Monte Carlo in 1882). Or take these earlier jottings for 1874, stray leaves of truth and poetry from Sir George Chetwynd's life, which we venture to bind for the benefit of his and our readers:—

> The Sussex fortnight. Start same day for Deauville; racing next day; pigeon-shooting next; Sir G. C. shoots brilliantly; the ladies of the half-world—the *tricoteuses* of a later day—look on and knit approvingly; more racing—Deauville, York, Warwick, Paris (Auteuil meeting); evenings at the theatre; after the theatre the American bar, "kept by J. Coney, driven from England in consequence of the closing of all the late houses in Panton Street and round the Haymarket." . . . "Here backers and layers used to assemble the night before races. I myself took four thousand to one thousand from two bookmakers at this very place."

And so on, year in and year out, with a bewildering monotony of theme that, despite our knowledge of the strain of nervous excitement that runs through it, fairly makes the head swim. Withal, the chronicle, which must in the main be the brief abstract of most racing men's lives, is laudably frank. Sir George passes lightly over one or two ugly incidents in the story of the racing of the last twenty years, and he glosses the charge of foul riding against Archer with the remark that it arose from his over-anxiety to win races. Moreover, as with all writers who only half possess the art of describing events and emotions, we have to set something down to the baldness of the text, and supply the colouring ourselves. Sir George, however, does not leave much to be desired on the side of frankness. He is proud of his profession, but he does not disguise its seamy side. We learn from him that occasionally "gentlemen of the turf" do not pay their debts of honour; that they bet far beyond their means, or with not a farthing to back their losses when settlement day comes round; that desperate retrievings of lost fortunes, shameful escapes from the jaws of the pit of shame, are frequent; that bookmakers will give beginners false quotations; that race-horses are occasionally poisoned; that now and then they are blinded with snuff; that men will forge to win a race; that the racing world is set round with a sea of rascality, seething with strong drink, and that the moral atmosphere of this outer circle resembles, as someone has said, that of Swedenborg's excrementitious hells. All this is obvious from Sir George's book; some of it is plainly stated. A sterner effort of imagination is needed to bring into relief the darker elements of the game in which, from the point of view of Sir George and his class, one sees, at its best, a colossal waste of talent and energy; at its worst, a series of dirty entanglements between the highest and the lowest classes—from peers to stable-boys—in order to "do" their neighbours out of their money. The turf may be a green paradise to Rag, Famish, and Co.; it is a dull hell to their slaves and victims. How many hundreds of thousands of working men yearly spend 20, 30, 40 per cent. of their earnings in gambling on horses they have never seen, and whose points they don't know from the Centaur's? How many generations of patient labour at the loom or with the pick and shovel are daily mortgaged in order that a few score rich men may, for a few mad moments, feel their pulse beat faster? What their betters do, we know. Count Jaraczewski—who, by the way, fought two duels and risked a third—wins £20,000 in two bets, himself risking £200; £100,000 changes hands over a single race; one of Mr. Benzon's bets is £15,000 against £8,000, and this Arch-Addlepate loses £10,000 in a night's gambling. These are the imposing deals in the sporting market; behind them lie the infinite peddlings of the men and boys to whom statesmen, millionaires, and country squires set the fashion of making money without working for it, and who every year go jingling down to hell to the music of the silver ring.

We must not forget Sir George's advice to beginners in racing. It is a compendious philosophy of the main chance, running somewhat on these lines:—"My good child, you will begin betting at Ascot; you will open on weight-for-age races; you will settle up promptly; you will not despise small bets; you will make up your books as you go; you will follow public form closely—not too closely; you will eschew the pomps and vanities of plunging; you will in all things be a discreet young backer, betting boldly when you are winning, and timidly when you are losing. So shall you hope to be one day too many for your natural enemy the Ring, and shall now and then happen on "The Good Thing." Thus far the Shorter Catechism for racing novices—the Secret Path for the sporting adept. How does sober England like the look of it?

HOME PETS.

XI.—CURATES.

I DO not wish to speak of curates in the natural state, of curates in church. I have observed them in their native aisles, but I do not forget that I am writing of home pets, and I only intend to mention the domesticated curate.

Only the other day a lady consulted me on the subject of curates. She generally had a few in her green-house, or playing about with tennis balls on the lawn. "I can never," she said, "remember the different varieties. I have fixed labels on them sometimes, in order to make no mistake, but the vexatious little animals tear them off." The difficulty is not an uncommon one; for although they can be easily distinguished in the natural state, they are inclined to resemble one another when domesticated. Fortunately one of my dearest friends is the butler at a house where there are a good many curates kept; it is a sort of curate ranche, in fact, and I have the benefit of his opinion. But, unfortunately, I know him to be prejudiced, and consequently cannot value that opinion as much as I might otherwise have done. He says that he observes the Bibles which they occasionally leave on the hall-table, and has noticed:—

(1) That low-church curates have large, plainly bound Bibles, with flaps, filled with loose sheets of paper—which may be (*a*) hymn-lists, (*b*) verse, (*c*) notes in pencil of the sermons of other curates—and secured with an elastic band.

(2) That the Bible of the high-church curate is smaller, has an ornamental binding, and contains an extract from St. Augustine written on the title-page.

(3) That the broad-church curate has no Bible, but manages to get along with selections.

Of course, I do not say that these opinions are absolutely correct; as I said before, the butler was prejudiced, although I cannot remember exactly at the present minute which side his prejudices favoured. I have often thought that curates might, when in the domesticated state, be distinguished not so much by the ordinary scientific terms, dividing them into three classes, as by the qualities which they bear.

For instance, there is the intellectual curate, one of the commonest kinds. He will, in the natural

state, quote the original Greek, and when he is kept in a house, he is likely to read fine pieces of poetry aloud. I have in my possession a copy of the poetical works of Longfellow, given to me when I was young as "A Reward for Marked Improvement in Handwriting," and there are three holes cried straight through the most pathetic part of "Evangeline." The damage was done indirectly by an intellectual curate with a rich tremor in his voice. I should have not minded it so much if they had been my own tears; a man has a perfect right to weep his copy of "Evangeline" into sheer pulp if he likes; but he does not care to have his books spoiled by aunts whom he does not value. Then there is the athletic curate, whose similarity to a Mexican mustang will be recognised by anyone who has never seen either. He looks very free and fearless as he dashes past one on his tricycle, tossing his head at intervals to increase his impetus, and sniffing the morning breeze. You can generally keep this kind in the stable. But although he is an athlete, he never forgets that he is a curate, and I believe that his passion for lawn-tennis is connected with the service. On the other hand, the social curate may be allowed to come into the drawing-room. He will get into a corner and purr. Or you can pour a cup of tea into the slot, and draw out a candid opinion of the vicar. Yet in the end the curate becomes a vicar, just as the common frog becomes a tadpole, or a chrysalis, or something of the kind. Then, of course, there is the sad, soulful curate of fiction, who suffers terribly from doubts; sooner or later he discovers that he is a fraud; then in a crowded church, a fit of remorse, and a chapter headed "Non sum dignus!" he preaches a farewell sermon; there is a quivering gasp in his voice; the congregation weep, for they all love him; the curate weeps and the vicar weeps; the air is redolent with agony. And, lastly, there are some curates who never get domesticated at all.

Why, it may be asked, should one keep curates at all? There is the expense of feeding them to be considered, not to mention the trouble of exercising them and keeping them clean. Does it repay one? I should, from my own experience, answer in the affirmative, for this reason—it is possible to say sarcastic things about curates. If you urge that you do not want to be sarcastic, or to be thought sarcastic, one must, I suppose, believe you. But my impression is that if the gentlest dove that ever cooed were told that it was terribly satirical, it would have difficulty in concealing its pleasure at the compliment. You can be sarcastic on the subject of curates when you would find it impossible to be bitterly witty about anything else—except, perhaps, mothers-in-law, amateur theatricals, and seasickness. It is not probable that your sarcasm will be new, but it takes a stronger reason than this to stop a sarcastic person when his blood is up. On the other hand, there are objections to keeping curates. They use a good deal of tea, and set examples, and marry on the least provocation. During the Christmas season they lie in a jungle of evergreens, sucking tin-tacks and watching their parishioners fall off ladders. The greatest objection to them, of course, is that they will work on Sunday.

THE DRAMA.

THE hunting of the Snark was a severely scientific expedition compared with so foolhardy an adventure as the attempt to disengage the dramatic from the musical element of an opera. But it is the critic's privilege (the criticised even go so far as to say it is his function) to be foolhardy, and I purpose, therefore, this week to speak of Mr. Julian Sturgis, the librettist of the new *Ivanhoe*. It is only fitting to preface what I have to say with some expression of decent condolence, by way of grace before meat, like the walrus's condolence with the oysters. "I weep for you, the critic said, I deeply sympathise." What else can one feel but deep sympathy for the plight of an opera-book compiler, condemned by the very law of his calling to be, as Terence says in the *Adelphi* about someone else, *parasitaster paululus*—a poor little beggar of a hanger-on—to the real givers of the operatic feast, the stage-carpenter and the composer? I name the carpenter first, because it seems to me that the subject of *Ivanhoe* is, before everything else, spectacular. It is that, even in Scott's book, which is a piece of saga-literature, entrancing its readers (all caught young, of course) as Homer entrances them, chiefly because it is a book of fights. And fights in a book mean spectacle on the stage. I know well enough what passed between Mr. Sturgis and the stage-manager on this subject. "Give me," said Mr. Hugh Moss, acting as spokesman for Messrs. Harker, Hawes Craven, Ryan, and Telbin, "Give me my three fights: the fight at Ashby, the fight at Torquilstone, the fight at Templestowe." (Three scenes accounted for.) "But I can't start with a fight," protests Mr. Sturgis. "Of course not," says Mr. Moss; "you start with Cedric's Hall at Rotherwood, so as to bring in all the Anglo-Saxon——" "Fie!" interjects Mr. Sturgis; "Professor Freeman says——" "Bother Professor Freeman!—all the Anglo-Saxon characters with their Anglo-Saxon attitudes, and my best Ward-our Street Anglo-Saxon furniture." (Four scenes.) "And then, remember, I shall want a front-scene while the carpenters are building up each of my solid 'sets'—call 'em an 'Ante-chamber at Rotherwood' and a 'Passage at Torquilstone.'" (Six scenes.) Then comes Sir Arthur Sullivan's turn. "Don't forget my musical contrasts. After the Ashby fight I must have a woodland scene to bring in my 'comic relief' with the King and the Friar, and another woodland scene after the Torquilstone fight to bring in my little dance; then, of course, I must have an 'interior' for my big duets between my leading soprano, my baritone, and my tenor—can't you find a good 'interior' in Scott? Here you are! 'Turret-chamber at Torquilstone'—the very thing!" (There you have the nine scenes of the opera all told.) So poor Mr. Sturgis finds his scene-plot marked out for him in advance: and he has to "write up" to it, as Nicholas Nickleby had to write up his drama to Mr. Crummles's real pump. What wonder that his dialogue, squeezed between the upper millstone of stage-carpentry and the nether millstone of music, should come out a little flat? Flat, no doubt, it is; but remembering the average opera libretto, constructed on Figaro's famous principle that what is too silly to be said may be sung, let us recognise with gratitude that it is not baldrebash. One critic, to be sure, has this week called it "fustian," but as the same critic commits himself to the astounding judgment that Scott's dialogue is "noble," Mr. Sturgis may bear his censure with equanimity. As to the sacrifice of many of Scott's personages, that, I suppose, was an inevitable concession to a pit which likes an opera-house to close a little earlier than the adjacent taverns. The loss of Athelstane and Front-de-Bœuf may be endured; but it is hard to find Locksley reduced to a cypher, and the musical creator of Jack Point might surely have given a few bars to Wamba? In previous dramatisations of the novel this character has always been of importance, and it was thought not unworthy to be played by Liston.

Mention of a man who could act suggests a natural transition to people who cannot. It is, I fear, into the latter category that all the performers in the double cast of *Ivanhoe*—with perhaps a solitary exception—must be declared to fall. In this matter, of course, a liberal allowance must be made to singers. Subtleties of facial play, for instance, are hardly possible in an actor who has to keep his mouth wide open, and a suppliant heroine cannot be expected to bow her head while delivering her C *in alt*. But this gallant attempt of Mr. D'Oyly Carte's

to establish an English opera might well have been accompanied by an effort to disestablish the bad old histrionic traditions of its Italian rival. The singers might condescend to acquire the A B C of pantomime —*e.g.*, to walk the stage gracefully; to let the action precede, not follow, the word; and, above all, to bethink them that the art of gesture is something more than the mere process of sawing the air. Hardly any of the *Ivanhoe* performers have learned this rudimentary lesson. Their arms are not human arms, but the arms of a semaphore, expressing the language of the emotions by a system of up-and-down code signals. One would think that only an audience of railway-engine drivers could find this sort of thing really convincing. Yet the opera-going public—*servum pecus*—have endured it, without protest, for countless generations. It is, I am inclined to think, in Madame Albani that this code system has reached its highest point of mechanical perfection; and the Albanian method is reverently followed by the artists of the new English opera. Stay! They have had the courage to make one breach in the classic tradition. One of the arms of the Albani semaphore always grasps a pocket-handkerchief. I have seen that handkerchief in *La Traviata*, in *Lohengrin* and in *Tannhauser*—where have I not seen it? Mr. D'Oyly Carte, greatly daring, has abolished the pocket-handkerchief. There was one moment in *Ivanhoe* when there seemed imminent danger of its reintroduction. The Lady Rowena dries her fair hands, at Cedric's table, on a napkin, and the actress was evidently tempted to fix the napkin permanently on an arm of the semaphore, until it was gently but firmly withdrawn from her reluctant grasp—and I breathed again. Now, if Mr. Carte's artistes would only take their courage in both hands, and abolish not only the handkerchief, but the whole system of sham opera-histrionics along with it! Take one instance. When Rebecca wrests herself from the embrace of the Templar, she mounts the battlements, and threatens, if he approaches, to throw herself headlong. Common-sense (as well as Scott's narrative) indicates that she should remain there to the very end of the scene. But both Miss Macintyre and Miss Thudichum leave their place of safety to range themselves, in obviously foolish confidence, once more alongside their pursuer—merely in order that the concluding bars of the great duet may be sung, in the conventional fashion, straight over the footlights. Neither of these ladies has been at the pains to "make-up" like a Jewess, and the second, at least, of the two never attempts to distinguish between the stage and the concert-platform. So with the rest. To the eye Mr. Ben Davies is a ludicrously impossible Ivanhoe. Of the two King Richards, Mr. Franklin Clive can act a little, Mr. Norman Salmond not at all. Miss Esther Palliser and Miss Lucile Hill play Rowena fairly well, only because that doll-like personage requires no playing. Miss Marie Groebl, the Ulrica, is absurdly "made-up," and Mr. Avon Saxon's Friar Tuck suggests one of those wobbling toys of india-rubber—"whistling cooks," I think they are called—on sale in the Lowther Arcade. The one exception I spoke of is the Templar of Mr. Eugene Oudin—a thoroughly intelligent and forcible piece of acting. Let me add, too, that the crowd, both in the Tournament scene and in the mellay at Torquilstone, is manœuvred with a realism and picturesqueness of effect not hitherto seen on the operatic stage. It is a pity the principals cannot take a lesson in acting from the supernumeraries. If anyone cares to object that the principals, though poor actors, are all admirable singers, I will not say him nay. They are—but that is not my business.

Nor is the music. And yet I shall have the impertinence to avow my liking for it. To me it seems the very music for the subject, the music proper to what it was the fashion in Scott's day to call "Merrie England"—especially the first half of the opera, the scenes at Rotherwood, Ashby, and in Sherwood Forest, where it is mainly a thing of jovial drinking-songs, fanfares, martial and patriotic choruses, with lilting melodies and simple rhythms. The composer, no doubt, will prefer to be judged by the music of the Torquilstone scenes, where he for the first time attempts to scale the heights of Grand Opera—with what precise degree of success who shall say? It is no real disparagement to the great duet between Rebecca and the Templar (admirably sung by Miss Macintyre and Mr. Oudin) to hint that the duet between Valentine and Raoul in Act IV of the *Huguenots* is greater. Some of us may prefer the piquant Orientalism of Rebecca's prayer to the duet; others, the impassioned dramatic soliloquy of the Templar. By the way, I see the Nothing-if-not-Wagnerian "G.B.S." has objected to the Templar's music as too sickly-sweet for a character so fierce and rugged, and takes the composer to task because his suave melodies do not dramatise the tanned visage and scarred brow of Scott's invention. It would be easy for the musician to answer: "Scott's Bois-Guilbert has a squint; do you wish me to dramatise that? May not tawny Templars discourse sweet music when they go a-courting? Remember the parable of the lion and the honey—*ex forti dulcedo*." A. B. W.

M. ST. HILAIRE AND THE NEW ARISTOTLE.

THE greatest living Aristotelian is unquestionably M. Barthélemy St. Hilaire, the French Senator and ex-Minister. M. St. Hilaire, writing to our Paris correspondent on the question of the Aristotle papyrus, says:—

"I shall not be able to pronounce on the authenticity of the work discovered at the British Museum until I have the Greek text before me. But Aristotle or not, the work is very important, since it appears to go back to the time of Vespasian.

"The author of the article in the *Times* of the 30th ult. seems to have doubts as to the authenticity of the work, and the quotations which he makes are far from dissipating all doubts. But however this may be, if the antiquity of the papyrus can be established, it will always have great importance."

The writer of these lines further stated, "It is not at all improbable that the work may be genuine; Egypt teems with documents of antiquity subsequent to the foundation of Alexandria.

"From the account given of the manuscript, much new light appears to be thrown on the history of Greece, from the time of Solon to Pericles. As to the alleged disparity of style between the text of the discovered papyrus and Aristotle's other known writings that have come down to us, it must be remembered that Cicero had gone to Athens, where, no doubt, he had instances before his eyes of 'the golden stream of eloquence' of the author of the Constitution of Athens. Aristotle's extant elegy on the death of a friend bears witness, moreover, to the marvellous sweetness of his diction."

M. Barthélemy St. Hilaire added: "What is particularly remarkable in Aristotle is his precision of style and wonderful insight into Nature. He teaches us that all the operations of Nature, even the most repugnant, have their lesson, as they have their use. The Greek philosopher believed in a divine origin of the universe, in a different sense from Plato, it is true; he gives no warrant for the modern follies of so-called Darwinism."

M. St. Hilaire (says our correspondent), who has completed his translation of Aristotle after fifty-nine years' labour—the whole making thirty-five volumes, the last four of which are in the press—is now engaged on a life of Cousin. Materials for the Memoirs are close at hand, as the eclectic philosopher bequeathed his library to M. St. Hilaire. The disciple has now attained the age of eighty-five, but he hopes to crown the edifice with this finishing stone to

a mighty monument of Benedictine labour "if God spares my life."

The same authority was kind enough to give me the following written opinion on the vexed question of the utility of classical studies for the generality of modern youth: "I consider them indispensable for all civilised nations, to maintain the level of intelligence, even scientific. Only, they are not necessary for everybody; and it is possible to create, apart from classical studies, a system of instruction altogether practical and professional. It is for families to choose what they wish to make of their children.

"The suppression of classical studies would do more harm to France than to any other people. Unfortunately we are marching in that direction."

I called on M. Jules Oppert, the distinguished Assyriologist, to ascertain what he had to say about the discovery of stones with presumed Chaldaic inscriptions, in the recently demolished house in Knightrider Street. The learned professor had inspected these wonderful relics at the British Museum in company with Sir Henry Rawlinson, and had satisfied himself of their genuineness.

He entirely corroborated the account given in THE SPEAKER of the 31st ult. It was impossible that these curiously inscribed stones could be forgeries, for modern imitations of these documents were unknown at the time of their probable transportation to London in the seventeenth century. The idea once prevailed that the inscriptions on these stones or bricks might be produced by insects! M. Oppert showed me a cast of a similar boundary stone, the original of which is in the Louvre, which he had deciphered; it contains the usual maledictions, in the name of divinity, against whoever removeth his neighbour's landmark. The professor also presented me with a copy of his paper on the Chaldean Nautical Almanac of Ptolemy, representing the work of twenty years.

THE WEEK.

THE omission of a single portrait—even of so illustrious a person as DAVID HUME—from an exhibition professedly illustrative of an epoch is hardly matter for comment: not so the systematic exclusion of an entire class. At the Guelph Exhibition, held under the special patronage of the head of the English Church, ministers of religion are represented by an historian, a critic, a satirist, and a novelist. ROBERTSON, BENTLEY, SWIFT, and STERNE are not associated with a single person whose claims to distinction depend in any way upon his clerical character. Yet the divines of the Georgian period are fully as famous as its statesmen and commanders. Few, we should suppose, would hesitate to pronounce Bishops BUTLER and BERKLEY the greatest intellectual glories of GEORGE THE SECOND'S reign, PALEY the most powerful reasoner of GEORGE THE THIRD'S, WARBURTON the most vigorous controversialist of his day, HOADLY and CLARKE the most characteristic representatives of theirs, and WESLEY the great religious genius of the century. All these are in the predicament of the images of BRUTUS and CASSIUS; and although the stores of Lambeth and Fulham and Bishopthorpe stood at command,, not a single Primate or Bishop of London has found entrance, any more than the WHITEFIELDS and LARDNERS and ROBERT HALLS of Nonconformity. Disrespect to religion is the very last motive to be attributed to such a body as the Exhibition Committee; ignorance would be, if possible, a still less conceivable explanation; and ecclesiastical portraits being as easily attainable as any others, the omission seems as unaccountable as it is unfortunate, and now, we must fear, irremediable.

IN his contribution to the history of his brother, MR. F. W. NEWMAN points out a misprint in a famous passage of "Pendennis," which seems to have escaped attention until now:—"This man gives up everything, *dearest* ties, *closest* vanities." "Is this," queries MR. NEWMAN, "a strange misprint?" It seems likely, but it is also strange that he should not suggest the simple amendment of transposing the epithets.

THE text of the newly discovered work of ARISTOTLE on the Constitution of Athens was published on Friday of last week, and went very nearly, if not quite, out of print at once. Its publication was heralded by another article in the *Times*, which, but for an almost irresistible and entirely erroneous comparison between ARISTOTLE and SIR HENRY MAINE, gave an interesting but very inadequate sketch of the contents. The work assuredly, if it be a forgery, is not a *modern* one; but the style does not correspond either to the fluent and melodious diction which CICERO ascribes to ARISTOTLE, or to the compressed, curiously constructed, and highly technical language familiar in his extant works.

IN fact, the first impression it gives is that it has as little individuality as an ordinary newspaper article. The early part—especially as regards SOLON'S economic and political reforms—is somewhat meagre and disappointing. PISISTRATUS, however, appears as a benevolent despot who lent capital at low rates to the peasantry to promote agriculture in Attica, and keep them from meddling in politics. That he did promote agriculture was known before, but the natural hypothesis hitherto was that he proceeded by suppressing such remnants as survived of the feudal dues of the landed aristocracy. Curious details are given about ostracism; the lot in elections, and the existence of moderate or "timocratic" popular government, date back much earlier than has hitherto been supposed; the life of THEMISTOCLES must be re-written; and the praise bestowed on the excellent but incompetent NIKIAS, and on the impracticable and shifty independent THERAMENES, shows that ARISTOTLE was after all not much wiser than other Greek historians, while the commendation of the Government of the Four Hundred—got up as it was partly by doctrinaires and partly by self-seeking oligarchic conspirators—because it (professedly) fulfilled two tests of good government laid down in ARISTOTLE'S "Politics," suggests the work of either a pupil or a pedant. So in a less degree does the treatment of the Thirty Tyrants; the latter or descriptive part tells us little that is new, except in details.

IN two or three points the book makes havoc of recent conjectural reconstruction in Germany. But it does not render it necessary to re-write the history of Athens, though it does give a great deal of supplementary detail of the utmost importance and interest.

MR. MONTAGU WILLIAMS intended to write a new book treating merely of the East End of London and of metropolitan crime, but many friends urged him to continue the recital of his experiences at the Bar; and in compliance with this suggestion he has given us "Later Leaves" (MACMILLAN), a large volume in the style of his entertaining reminiscences. He begins his new book with further memoirs of his practising days, and then takes us on from the point at which he left us in "Leaves of a Life," to relate his magisterial experiences. MR. WILLIAMS dwells more particularly on the state of the London poor. To one division of the public, the ever-increasing body of fiction-writers, MR. WILLIAMS'S "Later Leaves" will be specially interesting, as it is a mine of suggestion of phrase and incident.

A VERY interesting work has been published by MR. ELLIOT STOCK. It is a translation by MRS. JOHN B. SHIPLEY of "Nadeschda," one of the longer works of JOHAN LUDWIG RUNEBERG, the Swedish poet. Very early in his career RUNEBERG showed himself possessed of a mastery of style and a calm command of his subject in which he much resembled THORWALDSEN. None of his creations can take rank among the great masterpieces, but he never produced a mediocre work. A few of his shorter pieces have already been translated into English, but this, so far as we know, is the only rendering of any of his longer works.

THE fiction of the week includes, in three volumes, "Consequences" (BENTLEY), by a new writer who calls himself EGERTON CASTLE; and "John Squire's Secret" (WARD & DOWNEY), by DR. C. J. WILLS. "A Secret Mission" (BLACKWOOD), by E. GERARD; "Just Impediment" (WARD & DOWNEY), by RICHARD PRYCE; and "Under Sentence" (WARD & DOWNEY), by MISS MARY CROSS, are in two volumes. MR. RICHARD PRYCE has also a one-volume story, "The Quiet Mrs. Fleming," which is published by MESSRS. METHUEN & CO.; and MESSRS. W. BLACKWOOD & SONS issue, in one volume, "A Domestic Experiment," by the author of "Ideala."

AMONG the miscellaneous literature of the week we may class "The Sovereigns and Courts of Europe" (UNWIN), by POLITIKOS; "Racing Reminiscences and Experiences of the Turf" (LONGMANS), by SIR GEORGE CHETWYND; the second volume of "The Library" (STOCK), edited by MR. J. Y. W. MACALISTER, F.S.A.; "Visitations and Memorials of Southwell Minster" (Camden Society), edited by MR. A. F. LEACH; "The Cruise of the *Dunottar Castle*" (CONSTABLE), by MR. W. SCOTT DALGLEISH; and the second volume of an enlarged edition of "The Handbook of Games" (GEORGE BELL), which is entirely devoted to a treatise on card games.

MR. WILLIAM WATSON, writing in the *National Review*, cannot believe that he criticiseth best who loveth best all styles both great and small; laments the decay of the noble art of slating; looks back with regret to a time when "author" and "critic" represented a distinction so pointed as almost to be antithetical; and would have the modern critic cease talking about his work and do something. In a general sense, criticism must be scientific; the critic must have a method, and he must know what he writes of. But if a critic "writes with good sense, a respectable equipment of knowledge, and an honest endeavour after truth, he will perhaps have the satisfaction of finding on the last day, when he shakes himself together again, that he had been writing scientific criticism all his life without knowing it." Perhaps; or perhaps he may find on that important date that "it's of no consequence." After all, MR. TOOTS saw things in some measure from the point of view of the infinite.

THE first number of *Black and White*, long expected, is in our hands at last. Performance is little, and promise much, in the case of a first number. It is easy to find fault; to say that the paper at present too nearly resembles a magazine; that both illustrations and letter-press will have to be somewhat more "on the spot" to be quite successful; that the whole lacks unity and conviction. But the important point is that what is written is written in good English and printed in good type on good paper; while the illustrations leave no doubt that the new machinery fulfils the high expectations formed of it, and will efficiently back up the artists as soon as the paper has "found" itself. A feature which promises to give special distinction to the paper is the Author's Column, where no doubt we shall find our literary lions rending each other furiously, before long. The number contains a short story by MR. JAMES PAYN, and the opening chapter of MR. R. L. STEVENSON'S Travel-Talk about his cruises among the South Sea Islands, with one very fascinating illustration. The two-page illustration "Rembrandt's Mother" is, we think, an error of judgment. To begin with, REMBRANDT'S picture lends itself in the very smallest degree to black-and-white; and, at any rate, the sheet should have been left loose and not fastened into the book with a couple of wire clamps through its middle.

A LIVELY print in the remote west of America has taken exception to what it calls the "luxurious lives" of "the modern European monarchs." The diatribe is picturesquely penned, but it does not conform to facts. If two out of every three of the reigning Sovereigns of Europe were deposed to-morrow, and dismissed into private life with a competency, they would live much more easily and snugly than they do under the burden of monarchy. Who, for example, would care to change places with ALEXANDER III. of Russia? What duke or stockbroker would care to begin work at sunrise, as almost every "working monarch" in Europe does, and continue, with brief interruptions for meals, until bedtime? The rulers of Germany, Austria, Denmark, Belgium, Greece, and Italy, are each and all at work several hours earlier than most clerks in the City; and the idlest of them is rarely able to snatch more than a poor two hours a day for riding, hunting, whist-playing, or the theatre. The SULTAN OF TURKEY himself has bare leisure of an evening for the society of the favourite one amongst his three hundred brevet spouses. A few contemporary European Sovereigns have time to read contemporary history; a few have time to ride, shoot, or fish; a few have time to pay an occasional visit to the theatre: not one of them has leisure to enjoy life.

THE FALL OF SIGNOR CRISPI.

ROME, January 29th, 1891.

SIGNOR GRIMALDI, our Chancellor of the Exchequer, yesterday made his financial statement. It had been very anxiously waited for, and the Minister answered to our expectations pretty well. He has been sincere: one can rely on the facts and figures presented by him. I, who say so, am not a friend, so when I praise the Minister I may be believed. And I must add that my praise is not unbounded. I don't wish to give you the idea that the statement of which I speak is at all to be compared with Gladstone's and Goschen's splendid statements. Signor Grimaldi is not a man of special mark. He is a very clever advocate; but although he is our most facile Parliamentary orator, he did not speak his statement, but read it, in order to be surer of his figures and his explanations. Besides, his statement was merely a numerical one, without any economic or social review. He was satisfied with making up accounts, and explaining how great has been our yearly deficit for many years, and how great it will be for some years to come.

I will not draw you into such a network of figures. But perhaps it will be interesting to you to know summarily the totals of our deficits since 1885, when, according to the Minister, they began anew. I give the figures in English money:—

1885-86 ...	£940,350	1887-88 ...	£2,917,194
1886-87 ...	£320,317	1888-89 ...	£9,374,748
	1889-90 ...	£3,621,779	

You see that the years of deficit are many; and there is the danger of the actual deficit being much more than the estimate.

It would be laughable if I explained to you how many times the reckoning of the deficit for 1890–91 has been changed by the Ministers and by the

Parliamentary Budget Commission. (We have such a thing, which you have not; and we are not the happier for having it.) Finally, the present Minister estimates it at £1,793,064; and it will stop there, I hope.

We are still in the budget of 1890–1. It continues till the end of June. But Ministers of Finance, as you know, are not deterred by the mistakes which they make in estimating the budget of the current year, from trying to estimate the budget of the coming year. Besides, the law requires it of them. And Signor Grimaldi obeys the law. The deficit of the coming year, then, will be £1,914,903.

All these deficiencies we have supplied in the only way which it is possible to find, and which, besides, is known to everyone. We have augmented our consolidated funds, and the floating debt of the Treasury. From the public, by the issue of stocks, we have asked for £9,464,650, and the Treasury will have at the end of next June £17,840,000. The Minister asserts that there is no danger: the Treasury can support, according to him, so great a debt. This opinion prevents his proposing anything to reduce it.

He is satisfied with proposing the means of making good the deficiency of the next year. It had been said by Signor Crispi and by the candidates before the elections, that the deficiency of the budget would be supplied only by economies. Economy was the one word which had been heard from every quarter. Here the Minister has shown his cleverness. He echoed this general cry. Many times through his speech he swore that nobody could be found more faithful than he to the economising creed. But, meanwhile, he has proposed only £360,000 of very trifling and transient economies, and £996,000 of petty taxes.

I will not weary my English readers with detailing to them these taxes. They are many and ably chosen; but they are taxes, and would not be voted by the House without much reluctance, if voted at all. But even if they were accepted, we should not make the two ends meet. We want £1,514,903, and we shall have £1,356,000 if the petty taxes are good enough to give all that the Minister hopes from them, and nobody believes that they will.

So that I do not think that Signor Grimaldi—notwithstanding his cleverness, or, perhaps, just because of it—has solved our very difficult financial problem. It wants, perhaps, a larger and profounder mind. We shall continue to creep behind the deficit. Without retrenching decidedly and thoroughly on the Budgets of War, Navy, and Public Works, we shall not find the way out. But to that Signor Crispi and many members are decidedly and strongly hostile. It is very curious to observe that the members of Southern Italy are the more hostile, and those of Northern Italy the more favourable, to a policy of true retrenchment. The cause of this apparently strange phenomenon would be very interesting to study, but not very difficult to discover.

Yesterday on the orders of the day in the House was the Bill on the Reduction of Prefectures, of which I have spoken to you in my last letter. One member proposed the adjournment. Signor Crispi declared that the House had to proceed with the Bill, and that he should make it a Cabinet question. Notwithstanding this declaration, 112 members voted for the adjournment; and among the members who voted against it—192 in all—there are many who will vote against the law. This has been a division much less favourable to Signor Crispi than that of nearly a month ago. So it is very doubtful whether this very unhappy law will pass, and whether Signor Crispi and his colleagues will not, on this occasion, lose place. But we are a very compromising people, and we cannot be sure that we shall not be able, at the last moment, to get out of the scrape, into which the Ministry and the House have fallen.

January 31.

The Chamber has just given a vote against Crispi, as I had forewarned you might be the case. The numbers in the division were 186 against, and 123 for him. He has moreover brought about his own fall, by using—in answer to myself personally—offensive language against Minghetti and the Ministers of 1876. It is not certain, however, that even without this breach of decorum the vote would not have been against him. The question before the Chamber was a law of "catenaccio"—a law, that is, by which the duty on alcohol was increased provisionally, awaiting the decision of the Chamber later on, as to whether it was to be increased or not. You call this "Suspense," I believe, but your Finance Minister does it by decree, and if the House does not accept the proposed increase, the tax is remitted: with us, it is imposed by law, and is not remitted. I will further explain all this to you in my next letter.

R. Bonghi.

AUSTRALIAN AFFAIRS.

Melbourne, Dec. 22, 1890.

SINCE I last wrote to you, the new Ministry has been re-elected without opposition, and has brought the session to a conclusion. These substantial successes no doubt console it for a good deal that has occurred to harass it, and that augurs ill for its stability. In the first place, the discontent of the Liberals who deserted Mr. Gillies, in order, as they said, to replace a coalition by a Liberal Ministry, and who find Mr. Munro's Cabinet predominantly Conservative, has turned out to be less noisy and more deep than was expected. It has rested only with Mr. Gillies to carry a vote of want of confidence in the Ministry that replaced his own less than two months ago. He is far too shrewd a politician to have listened to the overtures that were made to him. In the first place, though the country generally was against the displacement of the Gillies-Deakin Ministry, it does not desire to have frequent changes; least of all, to have changes that only replace the personal ambitions and intrigues of members of Parliament. In the next place, whether the new Ministry was to be taken from the Corner, or only recruited from it, it would have been weaker than Mr. Gillies' old team. There are not four moderately strong men to be found among the twenty who covet portfolios; especially if we exclude those who have held office before, and who ought, in the estimation of younger men, to be set aside for the present. Then, again, the declared Opposition is at heart more friendly to Ministers than to the men who ratted in October, and were prepared to rat again before Christmas. It is obvious policy to keep the veterans together, and trust that they will gradually become a majority as men detach themselves from Mr. Munro's following, or in case the country should declare against Mr. Munro. Lastly, there was, of course, this obvious reason against turning out the Ministry—that they would have been entitled to a dissolution.

So far, then, Mr. Munro is not seriously menaced, for these reasons will all tell, though in a less degree, against the carrying of a vote of want of confidence next session. His more real danger is from himself. He has already blundered in several ways beyond reasonable expectation: and some of his blunders unluckily lie in the direction of introducing what Americans know as "the spoils system." As I have told you, we have created a Standing Railway Committee of the two Houses, which is to decide what new lines are required, and in what way they can be most economically made. It was considered of the last importance to keep this Committee free from party bias, and accordingly Ministers were declared incapable of sitting upon it, and it was agreed that the Opposition should nominate half the members from the Assembly. It so happened that two of

the Ministerialists elected in September went over to the Opposition in October, and one of them, by accepting a portfolio, vacated his seat on the Committee. Naturally, Mr. Gillies and his supporters claimed that they should fill up the vacancy; and it is difficult to understand how the Premier and his colleagues could set aside this obviously just claim, as they incontinently did by electing one of their own supporters, so as to give themselves six seats out of eight. The real explanation of the mistake is understood to be that the Catholic vote had to be conciliated; but Premiers who attempt to conciliate the Catholic vote, always end by finding that its insatiable rapacity makes it a very dangerous ally. It is creditable to our press that its organs, without exception, declared in very outspoken language against the Premier's breach of compact. Happily for him, the last nominee, seeing the strong public sentiment that has been evoked, has taken the honourable course of resigning; and the Opposition were not only allowed to nominate his successor, but elected the one gentleman whom the Ministerialists had intimated they would not tolerate. The struggle over this matter has been intensified by the expectation—I may almost say, the certainty—that the members of the Committee are to be paid for their duties, which are too onerous to be discharged gratuitously. Had it been a mere honour that Mr. Munro was claiming for his side of the House, the offence would not have been so keenly resented; but we cannot afford in a small Parliament to let the Government have an undue share of valuable patronage in its gift. Another difficulty will probably arise when the question of payment comes to be considered. Mr. Gillies refused to propose any remuneration for the first year, on the ground that it was better to wait and see whether payment of any kind was really needed. It is now currently rumoured that Mr. Munro is pledged to introduce a Bill giving the chairman £1,500 a year, and the members £1,000 a-piece, and making the salaries retrospective to the day when they entered upon their duties. If anything on this scale is attempted, it is certain to be fiercely resisted; and it is not improbable that in such a case the Opposition would risk a dissolution.

The other tactical blunder Mr. Munro has committed has been in renewing the charges he made, as leader of the Opposition, that Mr. Gillies had deluded the public with a bogus surplus, and that the Treasury is heavily in debt. The main facts are, that a real fault of long standing in our public book-keeping (the charging of supplementary estimates to next year's income) has been set right by the late Premier; that the revenue during Mr. Gillies' term of office was steadily prosperous; that the amount charged by anticipation to sales of public land is unimportant; and that the only real danger to the country is from the desire of all parties in Parliament to borrow largely in England for the construction of railways of problematical value. Consequently Mr. Munro's case is not one that admits of being very strongly stated, unless he is prepared to announce that he will reverse our existing railway policy, which I admit to thinking dangerous. Mr. Munro, however, does not dare to promise this, for half the country is crying out for new lines, and popular and Parliamentary ideas of retrenchment do not go beyond cheap construction, with the early American, rather than with the English, model in view. Neither has Mr. Munro been able to lay his hands on any faulty departmental expenditure that can be retrenched. That he should adopt his predecessor's estimates was to a great extent unavoidable, but that his slight alterations should generally have been in the form of additions has the appearance at least of inconsistency. In one case he has added largely to a vote for dredging at Port Fairy, which can never be made a good port, which is better served by railway, and where the engineers of the Public Works Department would, if they were allowed, stop all operations. The influence of the member for Port Fairy—Sir Bryan O'Loghlan—is responsible for this waste, which of course means only that Sir Bryan's constituents think themselves entitled to the expenditure of a certain amount of public money. Even, however, if Mr. Munro had a good case to plead, he could scarcely sustain it against the leader of the Opposition, who is an incomparably better speaker, who knows the ground thoroughly, and who is at his best in attack. It would have been wise of the Premier to let old controversies rest till he had made some solid reform to which he could point. He was probably disconcerted at finding that the *Argus*, which began the assaults upon Mr. Gillies' finance, is now zealous to deprecate any sweeping attacks on it. Yet the newspaper's change of front might easily have been foreseen. A year ago the *Argus* could write freely against profuse expenditure without fearing that its remarks would have too much effect outside the country. Now the community is beginning to apprehend that too much has been said, and that the English investor will be scared.

I am sorry to say we are threatened with a renewal of the late strike. Neither employers nor the Trades Hall appear to have learned any wisdom from experience, and the beginnings are curiously like what they were last time. The employers refuse to engage any wharf labourers, except through a Labour Office of their own, and a man wanting a job has to procure a separate ticket on every new occasion; no matter whether he is only taken on for only two hours, or whether he is not taken on at all. The men are not, I think, unreasonable in objecting to the formalities, delays, and cost of this system. Unhappily, the strike has been begun just as the gas-works were in need of a supply of coal; and there is in this way the old complication, that men who wish the Unionists success may be compelled to take part against them, in order to save the city from being plunged in darkness. Probably, a peace of some kind will be patched up; but the mere fact that a strike is talked of, shows that the Unionists are still a belligerent power, though they were routed through the blunders of their leaders in the last fight. For my own part, I cannot doubt that when the Unions discard their indefensible practice of heavy entrance fees they will control industry in Australia. A striking example of what they can effect has just been seen in New Zealand, where they have completely remodelled the Parliament at the late elections; so many "labour candidates" have been returned. I do not apprehend that they will be equally successful here. The farmers, who are very powerful, are against them, and the Unionist vote in town constituencies is held in check by the plural votes of a well-to-do and unsympathetic class. Still, I am inclined to think that a small sprinkling of Unionists will be returned to the next Victorian Parliament, and that in a good many more cases members who are not themselves artisans will be returned pledged in a general way to the Unionist programme. Such a change will really mean less than it would imply in England. The position of the labourer here is on the whole so exceptionally good, that he can discuss even the question of wages without bitterness; and the interests of the different trades are so diverse, that it is scarcely probable they will ever unite to carry anything that is grossly unfair. Their dream at present is of a mild form of State socialism, so that the State shall buy up the gas-works, and control the steamers, and perhaps the supplies of fuel from mines and forests, as it at present controls the railways. The objection most of us feel to all this is that our State employees, who number many thousands, are at this moment getting higher wages for less work than the labourers in private employ, and it is not easy to see how we can extend this system indefinitely. However, with time comes counsel. That the Trades Hall has blundered

heavily during the last six months is, I think, undoubted; but that our working men generally are intelligent and temperate enough to be trusted with even more political power than they possess, seems pretty abundantly demonstrated by their conduct in Victoria during the late strike.

A ROMANCE OF PHILANTHROPY.

PREFACE. This article will not have been written in vain if I get a few guineas for it.

Introduction. There are so many Meiklejohns in Glasgow that to be one of them is a comparatively mean distinction. I used to be merely one of them, but nowadays I am "Meiklejohn of Glasgow," sometimes called "*The* Meiklejohn," "Meiklejohn the Philanthropist," and "That Meiklejohn—oh, you must have read about him in the papers." I here propose to narrate the true story of my rise.

Chap. I. On the fourth of August, 1890, I might have been observed entering the Central Station, Glasgow, carrying a yellow Gladstone bag. I took a ticket for London. I was then merely one of the Meiklejohns, but it did not weigh on my spirits, as I was off for a month's holiday. There was only one other person in the compartment, a dull, sleepy man; and I little thought, as I quarrelled with him about whether the window should remain open, that he was to be an important influence on my life. He left at a side station, unwittingly dropping something as he went out, and I did not mention it to him, thinking the article might prove of value. It turned out to be only a slightly tattered sixpenny copy of "Redgauntlet," and as Scott is a novelist I cannot read, I laid the book aside in chagrin. How little do we understand the value of things! That despised novel was to prove as useful to me as if it had been a *Tit-Bits* insurance coupon, and the train fated to run over an embankment. Were it not that I have conscientious scruples against leaving anything behind, I might not, on reaching London, have slipped "Redgauntlet" into my bag. It is strange to think that had I not done so this romance would never have been written. We are the playthings of fate.

Chap. II. My holiday was chiefly spent on the Thames. I might have been observed taking up my abode at various riverside inns, and finding, every time I changed my lodgings, that it was more and more difficult to pack my bag. At last a day arrived when that bag would not close. In vain did I knead its contents with my knee. Collars flew out and hit me in the face, boots rose on end. I had to abandon something, and it is almost unnecessary to say that "Redgauntlet" was the first to go. The landlord of the inn was helping me to pack, holding the boots down while I flung myself at the linen, and he said that if I was leaving the book behind, he would like to add it to his inn library. I said he was welcome, and gave him my address in Glasgow, to which he was to send a coat that had refused to remain in the bag in company with the boots.

Chap. III. On the fourth of September I might have been observed (and was, by sixteen boys) emerging from the Central Station, Glasgow, carrying a Gladstone bag. One may pause here to look at me, for I was now one of the Meiklejohns for the last time. At my home I found a parcel awaiting me. It contained my rebellious coat and a newspaper. The newspaper was the local organ of the village where the coat and the boots insisted on parting company, and a marked paragraph said, "If all innkeepers were as attentive to the wants of their customers as is our worthy neighbour, Mr. Day of the 'Three Fishermen,' hostelries would rise in public esteem. We have on a former occasion drawn attention to the library which Mr. Day provides for his customers, and it is now our pleasant duty to record a handsome addition just made to it of a beautifully bound copy of one of Sir Walter Scott's renowned romances. We understand that the donor is Mr. Meiklejohn of Glasgow." I sent this newspaper to a friend resident in my birthplace.

Chap. IV. A week afterwards I received from my friend a marked newspaper, which said: "It is always a pleasure to record the success of natives of our good old town, and few have risen to fame so quickly as Mr. James Meiklejohn, son of the much-respected Mr. James Meiklejohn, senior. Mr. Meiklejohn was in England lately, where he has been extending his business, and we learn from a trustworthy source that he has left behind him a kindly memento of his visit. This took the form of a set of the Waverley novels, which Mr. Meiklejohn presented to the library of a popular centre of industry."

Chap. V. Shortly afterwards, a Glasgow paper contained the following: "Mr. James Meiklejohn, of this city, made a very favourable impression in the south of England lately, where his lecture on the 'Genius of Sir Walter Scott' is being much spoken of. We understand that Mr. Meiklejohn's reason for giving to England what he has not yet given to Glasgow is that he found the people of the watering-place where he has been sojourning shockingly ignorant of the works of the Wizard of the North. But though we in Glasgow know our Scott, we have not yet tired of hearing him estimated by a recognised authority on the subject (as Mr. Meiklejohn is on all hands allowed to be), and we are therefore pleased to learn that he is being approached with a view to his repeating his lecture in the city of the immortal Bailie."

Chap. VI. "To Mr. James Meiklejohn. Dear Sir, You will, I hope, let my motive be sufficient excuse for the liberty I take in addressing you. I am secretary of the above Y.M.C.A., and it is our custom to have a few lectures yearly from lecturers of *established reputation*. In these circumstances I am requested by the committee to ask whether you would favour us (on any Wednesday during the months of January or February) with the lecture you have already delivered with such signal success in London, Glasgow, and elsewhere. Unfortunately, we are not in a position to offer any honorarium beyond our grateful thanks, but these you will have in no stinted measure. Requesting an answer at your earliest convenience, and thanking you in advance, I am, etc."

Chap. VII. "Our readers will be interested to hear that Mr. James Meiklejohn, of Glasgow, is now revising the proof-sheets of his work on the 'Characters of Scott.' A friend who has been privileged to read the advance sheets is loud in their praises. The work will be in one vol. illustrated."

Chap. VIII. "No one at this time of day will deny Mr. Meiklejohn of Glasgow's literary attainments, but we question, nevertheless, whether he was well-advised in sneering at Burns in the course of his lectures on Scott in the great English towns. All that can be said against Burns was said long ago, and it would be more worth Mr. Meiklejohn's while to look for merit in the ploughman bard than to revile him before strangers who are alike ignorant of his genius and his unfortunate circumstances."

Chap. IX. "It has long been well known that Mr. Meiklejohn of Glasgow possesses the manuscripts of several of the Waverley novels. He has promised, it appears, to present these to the British Museum of London, but surely the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh, would be the proper repository for them. There, it is scarcely too much to say, they would be guarded by the Great Unknown's own shadow."

Chap. X. "Dear Mr. Meiklejohn, Will you attend our Burns dinner on the 27th, and propose the toast of 'Sir Walter'? It would be a great treat to us, especially if you cared to bring some of your Scott relics with you. They would be perfectly safe in our hands."

Chap. XI. "Our London correspondent announces that Mr. Meiklejohn, of Glasgow, has offered to present a statue of Scott to his native town. The offer has been accepted."

Chapter the Last. We must now leave Mr. Meiklejohn, happy in his home, beloved by his wife and children, and esteemed by all who know him, as who does not? Let us take a last peep at him. It is gloaming, and his family are gathered round his knee, while he tells them the story of his rise. His moral is, Kind actions awaken kind echoes. But, hark, what is that? It is the postman's knock. He brings another newspaper; who can tell what is in it? Perhaps it has the price of the statue. And all this is because an insignificant old gentleman dropped a sixpenny "Redgauntlet" in a railway carriage.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

AGAINST THE ONE-POUND NOTE.

SIR,—

"Though a guinea it will sink, and paper it will float,
Yet I'd sooner have a guinea than a one-pound note."

But will the one-pound note float, and still more, will the ten-shilling note do so?

It would be unfair to criticise Mr. Goschen's scheme from its financial aspect until we have before us the proposed method of preventing the released bullion from leaving the country—in which case the last state of the money market would be worse than the first—but a few questions arising out of the commercial aspect of the question are worth consideration.

The life of a five-pound note is a short one, it being cancelled directly it again reaches the Bank. If I withdraw a note from my banker, it will, if even deposited with the same banker within five minutes, be at once set aside to be paid into the Bank of England, and thus cancelled. Is it proposed that the one-pound note shall be similarly treated? If so, the present loss from wear and tear of bullion will not be a tithe of the cost of manufacturing the notes.

Should it, however, be intended to re-issue the notes, keeping them in constant circulation like coin, they will speedily accumulate dirt and grease, and it is to be asked who will often have to bear the loss of the finally tattered, greasy, and undecipherable note—worn to pieces in passing from hand to hand, and from lying crumpled in many pockets? From its short existence, there is practically no danger from the five-pound note; but in this proposed issue of a low denomination, circulated amongst a less particular class, the risk of communication of disease will be far greater than at present, for germs will cling more readily to a dirty piece of paper than to coin.

Mr. Goschen believes that the plan—for wages purposes—will be a convenience to large employers of labour; but he, apparently, does not know that large firms do not always pay their workpeople one by one and from hand to hand. Many houses pay wages by means of boxes, each man having his numbered box, into which the exact week's wages are rapidly placed, and are as rapidly emptied, and the contents counted by the workman. Instead of simply dropping in one or two sovereigns, the cashier would have to take up the note, see that he had only picked one off the pile (for notes will at times stick together), and stop to fold or crumple it before placing it in the box. The workman would have similarly to unfold it, if he did not stay a few moments more to examine its genuineness. This may not seem much in a single case, but will be of moment when repeated 500 or 1,000 times on each pay day; and it is no exaggeration to say that the present time occupied in paying wages would be nearly doubled. The work would, perhaps, be lightened for the cashier if he could always depend upon having a pile of new notes consecutively numbered, but here again the question of the cost of continuously issuing new notes presents itself.

Increased temptation to forgery will of necessity be given—readily detected, perhaps, in a new note, but not so easy when it becomes dirty and greasy. The "ring" of gold is hard for the coiner to imitate, but the imitation of paper and print would not be so difficult. The cost of a staff to register and check the notes as issued and returned will be no light thing to the taxpayer, to say nothing of a large detective staff; for as the bullion is, as a reserve, to remain idle, it is not to be expected that the Bank of England will be called upon to bear the expense. As in all great changes, some difficulties will be experienced in the labour market should the scheme become adopted by the country. The Government would have to deal with the Mint *employés* (few in number, perhaps); but what of the purse-making industry? Will the demand for pocket-books, to keep the notes in, be sufficient to compensate?

The above remarks apply with equal, if not greater, force to the proposed ten-shilling note. Though Mr. Goschen says he does not look upon bi-metallism as a practicable possibility, the proposition of a ten-shilling note against silver (instead of the gold half-sovereign) looks as though, if it be not he, some superior power in the Cabinet has become a convert to the theory. It is but a short time since that a project for a depreciated half-sovereign was quickly dropped, and, that being the case, it hardly seems probable that the country will tolerate the issue of a legal tender note against a metal still more depreciated. The half-hearted comments made at Leeds upon this portion of the scheme lead one to the conclusion that we shall hear but little more of it; or, if it be brought forward, it will only be to share the fate of its predecessor.

It may be true that notes for small amounts find favour in other countries—we all like what we have until we find something better! When times of doubt or panic arrive, which is then preferred—the notes or coin? Englishmen travelling abroad, after enjoying a coinage whose size and colour denote value, do not look with favour upon small paper money. For myself, I have often stood in disgusted doubt as to, and have wasted time to discover through its coat of dirt, whether I have received a five, three, two, or one-dollar bill—but I admit the chances were often in favour of its being a *one*. W. J. W.

"THE RELATION OF ART TO IMMORALITY."

SIR,—Mr. William Pierce, of Holly Park, Crouch Hill, N., is concerned (unduly, I fear) with my views about the relationship between art and morality. I have to congratulate him on his clear statement of my major premiss, "that art should find its subjects, without any restriction, over the whole range of human life." Certain masters have advanced that claim for art; nor should I, their mere disciple, deny my thanks to Mr. Pierce for his suggestion "as to the means whereby I may triumphantly assert my possession of the courage of my convictions." Let me quote Mr. Pierce's challenge. "I am informed," he says, "that certain cutaneous diseases, conventionally termed loathsome by the vulgar, display the most astonishing schemes of colour—far more gorgeous than the fungi of our moist woods—deep rich combinations, diaphanous and inimitable chromatic markings, prismatic shades fining off into those nameless tints revealed in the polarisation of light (I hope I am disguising well my squeamish stomach while writing of these gangrenes and ulcers, and what not); now, if a well-executed and realistic painting of these efforts of diseased human nature at high colouring were respectfully presented to your reviewer, would he hang it among the art treasures of his dining-room?"

Now, in the first place, I have to point out that a work of art must be something more than "well executed and realistic": else any good photograph or anatomical design may be considered a work of art. And, secondly, I have to hint (as gravely as can be) that a picture may possibly fulfil its true mission otherwise than by hanging in a dining-room, and adding zest to the mastication of meat. That this is not the sole aim of painting he may, I think, persuade himself by getting a foot-rule and measuring one of Raphael's cartoons. Let me assure Mr. Pierce, however, that his description of the wonderful colouring of his gangrenes and ulcers interests me deeply. I am sure that, could this colouring be interpreted on canvas by a true artist (and my only ground for doubting the possibility is Mr. Pierce's use of the word "inimitable"), I should have every reason for gratefully accepting the proposed gift, and (as far as house-room allowed) for hanging it with due respect to its merit and its aim. I, for one, cannot hold that beautiful colouring is "loathsome" because produced by a gangrene—being acquainted with the simple scientific truth that the loveliest phenomena in Nature derive their loveliness from previous decomposition.

Finally, let me attempt to return Mr. Pierce's kindness by begging that he will not vex himself overmuch with this subject. The cemeteries around his healthy suburb are piled with the bones of worthy citizens who found life all too short for understanding that art is not only for the dining-room, but, like the sun, may shine alike on the just and the unjust, and wake exquisite colours from the midden-heap as well as from the breast-pin of the honest man (who, as Mr. Pierce knows, is "the noblest work of God"). Why *should* Mr. Pierce be troubled? As he says, "Englishmen, at any rate, have an alternative in the art-gospel of John Ruskin." Let him rejoice, then, in the exercise of his birth-right, and be glad, as each successive spring comes round, over the notorious superiority of Burlington House to the Paris *Salon*.—I am, Sir, your faithful servant,

THE WRITER OF THE REVIEW.

THE FINE YOUNG ANTI-JACOBIN.

A SONG OF SUPERIORITY.

(Air—"*The Fine Old English Gentleman.*")

I'LL sing to you a fine new song all of a modern date,
Of a fine young Anti-Jacobin, sole saviour of the State,
Who keeps up the old bogies at the bountiful old rate,
As champions of our country and custodians of our fate,
Like a fine young Anti-Jacobin all of the modern time.

His armoury is hung around, instead of bow and spear,
With ancient jeremiad, and archaic gibe and jeer.
For Partingtonian fussiness, combined with Partlet fear,
Are his—as heir of Canning and sworn follower of Frere,
This fine young Anti-Jacobin all of the modern time.

He is caustic—so was Canning; Frere was clever—so is he,
But with all his super-smartness there are things he cannot see—
That Blue-Funk is raised by Bogies, which the foolish only flee,
That there's no sound inspiration in obstructive fiddle-de-dee
For a fine young Anti-Jacobin all of the modern time.

He is sore afraid of numbers; thinks they always want to rob;
The few to him are sacrosanct, the many are—the Mob!
The classes do not plunder (they monopolise and job);
But if the masses muster, they've designs upon your fob,
Thinks this fine young Anti-Jacobin all of the modern time.

He is vastly fond of freedom—for the few, the only fit,
Who are polished, and hold property, and have a pretty wit.
Freedom of combination suits the gentleman or cit,
But mere workmen, who start unions and make strikes? The deuce a bit!
Says this fine young Anti-Jacobin all of the modern time.

Freedom of Contract's splendid, he's enamoured of it much;
Capital by this formula gets Labour in its clutch.
But test the formula itself by truth's Ithuriel touch?
By Jove, that's Jacobinical, and pestilent as such,
Swears this fine young Anti-Jacobin all of the modern time.

Law and Order! *They're* the things to keep a fretful realm in awe.
Mustn't analyse the "Order;" mustn't look behind the "Law."
"Might as well expect a Lion who has once brought down his paw
Upon his victim's vertebræ to heed an Ass's jaw,"
Jeers this fine young Anti-Jacobin all of the modern time.

Ah! he does indeed love Justice, has a passion for Fair Play.
Intolerance is the one thing wherewith he *can't* away.
But 'tis only found in "popular institutions" in our day;
The Jacobin's the enemy, 'gainst whom to fight and pray,
Vows the fine young Anti-Jacobin all of the modern time.

So he raves against "the Radical" with vitriolic bile
Which often overflows the bounds, the vaunted bounds, of "style."
He mocks at maudlin sentiment, and gibes at "patriot" guile;
And credits all opponents with base aims and motives vile,
Does this fine young Anti-Jacobin all of the modern time.

But most of all, malignantly and mannerlessly, he
Must revile the Demogorgon of the New Democracy!
Ah! here we hit the heart of it; for who will not agree
That modern Anti-Jacobin means—Anti-W. G.,
With the fine young Anti-Jacobin all of the modern time?

E. J. M.

A LITERARY CAUSERIE.

THE SPEAKER OFFICE,
Friday, February 6th, 1891.

EVERYONE has his hobby. "I have no hobby," you reply boastfully. Well, that is your hobby. My hobby, since the year when I was unseated on petition, has been the collection of Hands. Do you know what an album of Hands is? You do not, unless you have heard of mine, for it is unique. True, they are pictures I collect, but there the similarity between my collections and those of other persons interested in art ends. The sketches in my album are all taken from private letters. They are the hands the writer draws to point out his address, and all are the work of celebrities who have never exhibited elsewhere. There is nothing distinguished in having an original painting by an R.A., for scores of other persons have original paintings by him; but I possess probably the only sketches extant by Mr. Balfour, Mr. John Morley, Lord Randolph Churchill, and other eminent persons of the day.

To live in London is to be an artist. You must be able to draw a map showing the person you invite to your house how he is to get to it. Again, there are so many streets of the same name that you must also learn how to draw a hand—or at least an arrow—pointing to your full address. There are three William Streets in the W. district, and the hand warns you to come to William Street, *Kensington*. I have seventy-four of these hands in my collection, and sixteen arrows. The latter are not very interesting, and I need say little about them. Most of them seem to belong to the stone age, and they have a good deal in common. I am annoyed when I get an arrow instead of a hand; there is so much more character in the hands. However, all men cannot draw hands. Mr. Birrell, I notice, sticks to arrows, but he has no slavish attachment to one kind. As a rule, his barb is not at the end; he seems to have a partiality for an arrow with a twist in it. Fired with great force, the Birrell

arrow (of which I give a sketch) would do terrible execution. It would not, perhaps, go in easily; but once in, there would be no getting it out. The "writer signing himself Q." from whom I had an answer to my letter accusing him of plagiarism from my election speeches, also uses arrows. On the whole, he weights them too much with feathers, and they are obviously spliced in the middle.

This is a study of the human hand, by Mr. John Morley. It has a special interest to me, quite apart from its artistic excellence, as it is number one in my album. It points to the address to which I was told to send the articles with addressed envelopes for return. I used to have it in a neat frame with the artist's autograph beneath.

Of course, it should be remembered that these hands are merely the work of artistic amateurs. The great majority have probably been dashed off in a few minutes, and thus many are in an unfinished state. Even this hand by Mr. Wemyss Reid, though carefully executed, has its faults when examined in a hypercritical spirit with a glass. It was part of his reply to my letter asking him to abandon his "Life of Lord Houghton," as I contemplated doing the work myself. The shading on the sleeve is correct, and it will be seen that the cuff is speckless. It is in his details that Mr. Reid is faulty. The seven fingers, for instance, are a technical mistake. Again, one does not, unless indeed when much preoccupied, point with all his fingers, nor is it easy to make one finger stand out so much further than the rest. As a design for a railing, however, the little sketch would be meritorious. Note, too, the delicate work showing the veins of the hand.

Though the variety of the hands is endless, a classification might be made. I have already given illustrations of what I call the Baton Hand and the Spike Hand. Another variety is the Dough and Needle Hand. This, it will be seen, has the appearance of a lump of dough with a needle sticking in it. Artistically, its great want is shading and fingers. This is a favourite hand with professors, who may, however, be advised to return to arrows, at least for a time.

As I have mentioned arrows again, I may say a word about Mr. Lucy's sketches. He seems to me to err in not making up his mind whether it is to be an arrow or a hand. Having begun a hand, perhaps he loses confidence in himself; at all events,

it is usually, when completed, too like an arrow to be a hand, and too like a hand to be an arrow. It cannot be too frequently insisted that the student should first decide what he is to do, and then do it. No doubt arrows and hands are very like each other; still, there is a difference.

Most of the hands in my album are male, nor is this meant, I think, as a slight on the other sex. The female hand is excessively difficult to draw. Nevertheless, a few of my correspondents have made the attempt, and, in one case at least, with signal success. The

beautiful female hand here reproduced is the work of a young celebrity. Without giving his name, I may mention that he is among the most prominent of the younger Conservatives in the House of Commons. It was he who said lately that Home Rule was dished. To those behind the scenes this will be sufficient guide. He is the only one of all my artists who has put nails on the fingers. Observe that all the fingers, save the one pointing (and the thumb holding it up), droop elegantly. The pose of the hand is graceful in the extreme. The sleeve is suggested rather than given in full. The attention to the frilling shows the conscientious artist; perhaps, however, the sketch is a little laboured and self-conscious. This Member of Parliament was married three weeks after he sent his contribution to my album.

In regarding these studies in hands, the old question crops up of whether art should be for its own sake or should teach a lesson. Some to whom I have shown the album hold that art has nothing to do with morality. What they want is workmanship, and they refuse to give a single mark to noble aim. To them, I need not say, the album is deeply interesting, though they lose its moral. I have kept no record of their opinions; but, generally speaking, they seem to be most impressed by the hand given above, and, next to it, by the pen-and-ink sketches from Sir William Harcourt and Mr. Balfour. One of these gentlemen provides too few fingers and the other too many, but it is pleasant to note that they make ten between them.

Nevertheless, the true critic—the man who wants pictures to instruct him as well as to gratify his sense of the beautiful—will find more in my album than is revealed to the mere artist. My collection will turn him to other ways if he be a Gladstonian, and prove to him that he is on the right side if he is a Conservative. No one, it has been well said, can paint fine pictures unless he leads a noble life. Whoever doubts this fact is advised to consult my album. Its moral may be said to be, "No one can draw fine hands who is not politically pure." It is amazing to note how the Unionists are drawing better and better, while the Gladstonians, who could produce admirable hands until they went over to Home Rule, are now either all fingers or no fingers at all.

In Mr. Oscar Wilde's story, the hero's wickedness does not show on his face, but in the picture of him. Is it not so with the Gladstonian party? In their prints they talk of their virtue, without the paper on which they write turning pink. They insist on visiting at respectable houses, and even in Parliament they wear the air of gentlemen. But even as Mr. Wilde's hero had his portrait to tell tales, they have their hands in pen-and-ink, or rather, I have the hands. I can show them what hands they drew in the good old days, and what hands they draw now. Mr. Birrell need not think that he escapes with his arrows. They are becoming more and more like corkscrews.

I used to say I would never publish anything about my Album of Hands, lest other persons should begin collecting also. So many have looked through my album, however (and tried to steal it), that I think the publication of this causerie is the best means of preventing their plagiarising my idea. Celebrities, being now warned, will cease to draw hands, and my collection will remain unique.

ANON.

REVIEWS.

THREE VIEWS OF THE REFORMATION.

1. CHURCH AND STATE UNDER THE TUDORS. By Gilbert W. Child, M.A., Exeter College, Oxford. London: Longmans, Green & Co. 1890.
2. LECTURES AND PAPERS ON THE HISTORY OF THE REFORMATION IN ENGLAND AND ON THE CONTINENT. By the late Aubrey Lackington Moore, M.A., Honorary Canon of Christ Church, etc., etc. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co. 1890.
3. THE DAWN OF THE ENGLISH REFORMATION: ITS FRIENDS AND FOES. By Henry Worsley, M.A. London: Elliot Stock. 1890.

THESE three books represent three very different views of the English Reformation: the Historical, the High Church, and the Low Church. Mr. Child is more concerned with the national and constitutional meaning and bearings of the event; Mr. Moore with the ecclesiastical; Mr. Worsley with the religious. Mr. Child's purpose and spirit are historical and scientific; Mr. Moore's polemical and apologetical; Mr. Worsley's edifying and admonitory. The first writes that he may understand and explain the constitutional changes, civil and ecclesiastical, worked by what was really a revolution; the second uses history that he may defend a thesis; the third that he may preach a sermon well spiced with illustrious persons. The first and second have the importance of books that represent opposite yet coherent views of the same event, though the one is the detached and dispassionate view of the judicial lay mind, while the other is the partial and polemical view of the convinced ecclesiastic. Mr. Worsley's view is also definite enough, but his book is too much a series of edifying biographies to call for more detailed notice.

Mr. Child sees in the Reformation the process by which forces working within the nation and through its representatives or heads made the Church national. Before, such a thing as a national Church could hardly be said to exist; it was then so much a part of a European system, so organised and worked in connection with it, that it is only by the most dexterous playing upon words and with facts that it is made to possess a national character. The terms "Catholic" and "National" as applied to the Church have one sense before the Reformation, and another and totally different sense after it; "Catholic" is not applicable after, or "National" before, save in a forced or non-natural sense. The change that withdrew it from the European system made it "National"; but in the very degree that it became this it ceased to be in the strict historical sense "Catholic." As Mr. Child says:—

> The term "National" in modern English ecclesiastical history has often the same meaning as non-National elsewhere. Could we call the civil government of any country national, if its highest Court of Appeal was foreign, its highest officers were often appointed by a foreign power, and always paid tribute to it, and if its highest native judge (Wolsey) when by indirect means he had succeeded in getting the final appeals mostly into his own hands, yet always gave his decisions avowedly as the delegate of a foreign potentate? Clearly if we use the word National to describe such a state of things, we use it in a sense not only differing from but contrary to its common acceptation. The result then is that we find that up to that time (Henry VIII.) there was not, and indeed could not be, a national Church in any intelligible sense of the words" (p. 261).

Now this view is as correct as it is coherent, and Mr. Child in putting it as plainly as he does performs a real historical service. The specific character of the English Reformation becomes intelligible when it is conceived as the process by which the Church was as it were nationalised; and the result is a doctrine

of continuity which is built upon the people, not simply upon ecclesiastical offices. The conditions that made the change possible, and the successive stages in it, are lucidly described by Mr. Child. There is a straightforward simplicity in his style, directness in his statements, and clearness in his judgments that can only be described as refreshing. There is no rhetoric in his book, only a sober matter-of-factness that makes it all the more serious and urgent. The constitutional changes came first, the doctrinal later, but the former were really the more important and determinative. In them the clergy were not the efficient factors, but the Crown and the State—the clergy, so far as they did act, acting not because they chose, but because they were obliged. The Church lost a foreign and obtained a national head, but the process was of its enduring rather than of its willing. The various factors in the situation, the condition of the clergy, and the estimate in which they were held, the personal character of the Tudor Sovereigns, the men they called into their councils, above all, the stream of tendency then fulfilling itself all over Western Europe, are here duly held in view, but at every point the conclusion is made to become more obvious. "From the time of Henry VIII.'s Acts of Supremacy and of Submission of the Clergy, the Church of England was, as its whole history shows, simply a department of the State" (p. 279). That theory is truest which is at once most in harmony with all the contemporary facts and best explains subsequent history; and this double test is the one Mr. Child's theory can stand. The process that made the Church national was the work of the nation; and whatever of polity, doctrine, tradition it may have retained from its older state does not in the least invalidate the fundamental fact, that the force which changed it and framed the laws that controlled it was the civil. The outer framework of the Church might stand, but its legislative basis was changed, its old independence was gone, and the King reigned in the Pope's stead.

Mr. Moore's book is of an altogether different character, and while we would welcome it as a memorial of a singularly gifted and genial man, we would yet regret that it is so little fitted to do justice to his memory. It is, with much that is excellent and beautiful and worthy of all praise, still a painful book to read and to review, for its author was a man of brilliant parts and so brave a spirit that continuous weakness and frequent suffering were allowed to cast no shadow over his native cheerfulness. He was cut off just as he was coming to maturity, and has left no adequate monument of his fine powers and varied culture. It was little wonder then that the men who so knew and loved him should wish to preserve all of his that could be saved from note-books and scattered MSS. But this devotion needs to be watched lest it do more harm than good. And here the editor has been too anxious to work in all his material to be wise in his use of it. His desire to withhold from the press nothing that could be printed has made him almost cruel to his friend. The book abounds in repetitions, in surveys and re-surveys of the ground, in skeletons and sketches for the class-room that break its unity and increase largely its bulk, without adding anything to its matter or its thought. The difference, too, between the careful and laboured writing of the papers prepared for the press, and the rash and prejudiced judgments thrown out in the heat of the class-room or the greater heat of hurried preparation for it, ought to have made the editor pause. He has succeeded in showing his friend, who was as sweet and bright as he was cultivated and thoughtful, as a partisan who came to history with the spirit of the sectary. Here is one of his judgments: "Presbyterianism" (he is speaking of Knox and the Scottish Reformation) "was now supreme. Scotland had cut herself off from the Church of Christ and joined the Church of Calvin" (p. 274). It would be exactly as true and exactly as false were a Catholic writer to say, "England separated herself from the Church of Christ and set up the Church of Henry VIII. and the Good Queen Bess." This is not history, but the mean and spiteful game of ecclesiastical polemics at which only the baser natures should be allowed to play. So he speaks of "the Puritans preparing to separate from the Church of Christ rather than wear the surplice and the college cap" (p. 271); and he forgets that we still have a "Vestiarian controversy" whose victims are not Puritans but martyrs for conscience' sake. He says, referring to the XLIV. Articles, "Our Articles, more influenced by Luther than Calvin, yet avoided all things Lutheran and not Catholic" (p. 207). Nothing could be less correct; the Articles are much more Calvinistic than Lutheran; they belong distinctly to the order of reformed confessions both in structure and contents, and are in their doctrine of the Sacraments more Zwinglian than the Scottish Confession of 1560. Here is another example typical of many:—

> "The thirty-nine (articles) directed against—(i.) Papists, (ii.) Solifidians (Lutherans), (iii.) Zwinglians, Arians, etc., (iv.) Anabaptists, &c. Of these the Anabaptists were the logical descendants of Luther; the Arians of Zwingli and Calvin (2569)."

These things were good enough as notes or memoranda for a tutor lecturing with a sectarian purpose to credulous undergraduates; they surely are not worthy of being printed in a serious history of a serious event. And this printing of everything is accompanied by a corresponding carelessness in correcting what is printed. We have both Zwingli and Zwingle, Crumwell and Cromwell, Adrian and Hadrian, and Crotius for Crotus Rubianus. As a sample of the wearisome and meaningless repetitions which occur again and again, we may take this: On p. 371, "Charles, by the unexpected victory at Pavia (February 24th, 1525), was supreme in Europe;" and on the very next page the same thing stands thus: "By the unexpected victory of Pavia (February 24th, 1525), Charles became supreme in Europe." On p. 283 it is said: "Cartwright did not at once separate himself from the Church." We did not know that he ever did.

It would be most instructive, were it possible within our limits, to compare these two writers, especially as to their methods and conclusions. It is characteristic that Mr. Moore attempts indirectly to evade some of the consequences of Henry's legislation, which are most fatal to his theory as to the continuity of the Anglican Church, by introducing a distinction as to the civil and spiritual power. The distinction is—"Spiritual power is ultimately derived from the Divine commission given on the evening of the Resurrection and on the mountain Galilee. Civil power, while ultimately of course from God, resides, according to the form of government accepted, in the king or the people, or, in the case of an oligarchy, in a small number of individuals" (p. 148). It is curious how so clever a man should have thought that in writing these words he was drawing a distinction, or one that made for the eminence of the spiritual power. In each there is a divine source: the one comes from "a commission," the other "from God;" but while we are told where the civil "resides," nothing is said as to the residence of the spiritual. And this was precisely what was needed to bring out the insignificance of the distinction. And where does the "spiritual power" reside? According to Mr. Moore, in "an oligarchy," the representatives of the men who received the commission, and thus the *deus ex machina* by which he proposed to keep "spiritual power" alive in the world was simply an oligarchical succession. In striking contrast is the direct way in which Mr. Child goes to the heart of the matter. Grant, he says, that the Church of Henry remained "orthodox in doctrine and catholic in ideal,"—what then? That is "a matter of relatively small importance. They were the doctrines of the King, not of the Church, and were enforced upon the Church in England by the authority of the State alone. Convocation presided over by Cromwell, or Cromwell's lay deputy, could be in no sense a legitimate organ of the

Church" (p. 264). Nothing could be sharper than these antitheses; the very spiritual and catholic beliefs were defined and enforced by civil authority —were they, then, either "spiritual" or "catholic" any more? How can the fact of the royal legislation and the theory of "the divine commission" be reconciled?

But enough; it is easier to serve a cause by writing history than so to write history as to serve the truth. Yet the harder is infinitely the higher task, and it will be well for all of us when we feel that the sternest truth of history is better than the best apologetic we can compel from it in the interest of the systems we most love. For the rest we would prefer to think of Aubrey Moore not as he appears in class-room notes, which were never intended to see the light, but as he lived, kind, gentle, lovable as a man, yet true, courageous, and honourable as a son and defender of the Church he served.

IN THE FOOTPRINTS OF CHARLES LAMB.

In the Footprints of Charles Lamb. By Benjamin Ellis Martin. Illustrated by Herbert Railton and John Fulleylove. With a Bibliography by E. D. North. London: Bentley & Son. 1891.

Mr. Martin loves the memory of Charles Lamb: but so does everybody, and he will get little praise on that account. He expresses this love occasionally in good English; but that, too, has been done before. His book claims distinction by its excellent bibliography (the work of Mr. Ernest D. North) and by the care with which Mr. Martin has followed Lamb's rovings and compiled what he terms a "topographical biography" of the man.

To be sure, such a "topographical biography" was no laborious task. The circuit of Lamb's rovings is a phenomenally narrow one. He lived his life in London or barely outside, and Mr. Martin admits that nearly every one of his successive homes has been "rescued from ruin and kept inviolate for our reverent regard." It might be expected therefore that Mr. Martin would do his pottering gently—nay, with an amiable cheerfulness. But, as a fact, he is very fierce indeed. His book might have been entitled "A Shrewd Blast against Builders," or "Heaven's Wrath asserted upon Street Improvement," or something of the sort. For it is full of the testiest *obiter dicta* we have happened on for many a day. There is a fling on the first page at the "callous contractor" who "shamelessly blazons his dreadful trade" on London hoardings. On p. 7, we are informed that "they have an unhallowed habit in London town of destroying just those buildings which I" (Benjamin Ellis Martin, U.S.A.) "should select to save." On p. 14, we find a complaint that the Temple grounds "have been extended riverwards by the construction of the Embankment; and the ancient historic blocks of buildings about them have been vulgarised into something new and fine." "Until lately," foams Mr. Martin, "in the year 1889, when the frenzy for Improvement and the rage for Rent wiped it out, I could have shown you a queer bit of cobble wall." Lamb lived for a while in lodgings at No. 45, Chapel Street, Pentonville, on the corner of Liverpool Road—a plain little wooden house: "now, there stands in its place a blazing brazen 'pub' quite in keeping with the squalid street. Its bar, like the favourite bar of Newman Noggs, 'faces both ways,' in a hopeless attempt to cope all around with the unquenchable thirst of that quarter!" Mr. Martin is angry that the very taverns which Lamb frequented should have undergone change. Over the "Salutation and Cat," in Newgate Street, we must anathematise because "the 'Cat' has vanished, and the 'Salutation' greets us as a slap-bang City eating-house and bar." "The Feathers," in Hand Court, Holborn, "a dirty, dingy, delightful tavern, as I have seen it," has gone to its own place, and "a modern something maddens me on its site." As for the inns near Enfield, the famous "Bell" at Edmonton (where Lamb took a parting glass with Wordsworth) is levelled, and "a vilely vulgar gin-palace rises in its place," while the "Golden Fleece" and the "Horse and Green," where Lamb did *not* take a parting glass with Wordsworth, are "all unchanged: in his odd irony the modern builder has left them untouched, because they have no historic memories!"

Now all this is a trifle irrational. Landlords do not pursue Rent with rage, nor Improvement with frenzy, quite: nor is it in human nature to run an obsolete tavern at a dead loss simply because a great man once ordered sixpennyworth of gin within its walls. Also Charles Lamb was a noble creature and a writer of noble English; but it seems—shall we say?—an excess of zeal for his memory to curse the Thames Embankment because it alters the view he used to gaze upon. It is clear that if we are to respect Mr. Martin's feelings we shall have to put our authors under surveillance, and forbid them to set foot in any but our noblest promenades, saying, "My good sir, if you once walk through such and such a slum, you will make the beautification of London impossible." Ventilation will be postponed *sine die* by an august glance, and drainage by a hallowed footfall. We have many a grievance, too, to urge against landlords before we accuse them of selfishness in craving the necessities of life, and so depriving Mr. Martin of the pleasure of showing us "a queer bit of cobble wall." London itself, we may urge, is, as yet, something more than a museum for citizens of the United States to potter about in.

Mr. Martin, indeed, scarcely emulates the charity of the man he admires. People said ill-natured things of Lamb now and then, as they will of any man, however sweet his character. One of the many differences between Lamb and his biographer is that Lamb bore no malice. Mr. Martin's resentment is almost ferocious. We hear of Coleridge's "rhetorical preachments and his melancholy, both born of rheumatism, rum, and opium"; of Hazlitt's "ingrained selfishness, his petulance, his tea-inspired turgidity"; Wordsworth is "solemnly weighted with the colossal conviction of his own mission and tireless in his tenacity to attest the truth thereof to all listeners"; Tom Moore is "tip-toe with toadyism": Macready is "portentous," and found fault with Lamb for standing in no awe of "superior persons on pasteboard pedestals," etc., etc.

All this is very aimless, rough-and-tumble abuse; and it becomes almost comic when uttered by an author who thinks he is honouring Lamb thereby—the least assuming, least jealous of men. But it is characteristic of the small mind to be incapable of worship without a sort of recoil, to be unable to appreciate greatness without belittling its surroundings. Mr. Martin is actually indignant (on p. 139) because one Gideon Rippon, of the Bank of England, dares to possess in Edmonton Churchyard a more pompous tombstone than Lamb. He says it is "typical of the relation borne by literature to Genteel Society in England. Its combined cohorts of The Nobility, Clergy, and Gentry do not know, and do not want to know, about the burial-place of their only Charles Lamb; but they do due reverence, with naïve and unconscious vulgarity, to the memory of the bank official who kept Books or handled Money." Really, this is funny. It suggests an historical picture—the combined cohorts ("cohorts" is good) of The Nobility, Clergy, and Gentry of England engaged in erecting a headstone to Gideon Rippon, of the Bank of England, because he had handled Money: painted by Mr. Martin, of the United States of America. But we may (with "due reverence") point out to Mr. Martin that The Nobility, Clergy, and Gentry of this island rarely combine in cohorts to do anything to anybody except Mr. Gladstone; that Gideon Rippon, who handled Money, probably left some; and that his widow probably thought it more seemly to put up a tombstone to Gideon Rippon with the legacy than

to Charles Lamb (who, after all, was not her husband); that there is such a place as Westminster Abbey, where literature has more honour than money-getting: that though Charles Lamb doubtless deserved more of his countrymen than did Gideon Rippon, the injustice would more reasonably have been righted during life, by putting Lamb inside a handsome building in Threadneedle Street and consigning Rippon—let us say—to "this dead, everlasting dead desk" at the India House; and, lastly, that if unable to understand why men of letters in this country earn smaller incomes than do gentlemen employed in the Bank of England, Mr. Martin might profitably ask the reason of his fellow-countryman, Mr. Wanamaker—who knows about it.

Mr. Martin is so full of sympathy; his ardour, though puzzle-headed, is so sincere; he follows in Lamb's footsteps with such fondness; he paints the manliness of his nature, the sublimity of his devotion, and the sorrows of his closing years so tenderly, that we reckon the faults that obscure his work as little less than calamitous. It is well printed and well illustrated. The bibliography will make its possession necessary to every thorough-going student of Lamb. But we almost wish that the bibliography could be published in separate form; for, as it stands, the book irritates.

THOMAS LOVELL BEDDOES.

The Poetical Works of Thomas Lovell Beddoes. Edited, with a Memoir, by Edmund Gosse. Two vols. London: Dent & Co. 1890.

This second complete edition of Beddoes' Poetical Works, which has been looked forward to with some little eagerness by the poet's few and ardent admirers, is disappointing for two reasons—first, that it contains few noticeable poems hitherto unpublished; second, that the present editor has lost a good opportunity of doing Beddoes justice. Mr. Gosse has not thought fit to alter his verdict delivered some little time ago in Ward's "English Poets." We are grateful to Mr. Gosse for the volumes before us, and assuredly it is not his fault that Kelsall, the first editor, performed his duties so lovingly and so thoroughly that he left little to be done by anyone who came after him. But the truth is that the popular attitude towards Beddoes needs reversing, and who should champion him if not his editor? Forty years have passed since Kelsall gave his friend's incomparable verse to the world, and evoked, in response to his generous praise, some mild interest, and several lukewarm criticisms. Nothing of importance, we believe, has been written on Beddoes from that day to this, and yet the editor of the only edition that has been called for since 1850 writes, after devoting four short pages to a rather negative criticism of his subject, "To say more in this place is needless. Those readers who are able to take pleasure in poetry so grim, austere, and abnormal, may safely be left to discover its specific charms for themselves." Is our editor too academical a critic to run counter to public opinion? We cannot say; but if Beddoes is to be enjoyed by twenty where one enjoys him now, a little more enthusiasm must be shown. To Mr. Gosse's obvious reply that he has criticised Beddoes according to his deserts, we repeat that with his negative criticism we have little fault to find. It is true that Beddoes belongs "to the tribe of scholar-poets, to the educated artists in verse," and was not "one of those born warblers whom neither poverty, nor want of training, nor ignorance, can restrain from tuneful utterance;" though why a Virgil's and a Milton's work comes necessarily "within a lower range," it would puzzle anybody's wits to determine. But with the praise allotted to the poet we cannot content ourselves. True, we find it written that Beddoes "was a poetical artist of consummate ability," that "several of his songs, artificial as they are, must always live and take a high place in the literature of artifice," that "he had great sense of verbal melody and a fastidious ear"; but all this implies that he was *a poet with a difference—i.e.*, a mere writer of poetry. Of what was *fundamentally* poetical in Beddoes his editor says not a word. What was the secret of his exquisite style, his more exquisite phrasing, his mastery of poetic imagery? Mr. Gosse does not say, and the reader, ignorant of Beddoes, is left to explain the mystery with that magic word, "artifice." This is not the place for an essay on Beddoes, but we will supply the word that we have looked for in the introduction in vain—*imagination*. An imagination more powerful and poetical than Beddoes' no poet has possessed since Shakespeare; and it is by this quality, which informed hundreds of lines for pure beauty unsurpassed even by Shakespeare, that Beddoes will be remembered. "At the feast of the Muses he appears," says Mr. Gosse, "bearing little except one small savoury dish, some cold preparation, we may say, of olives and anchovies, the strangeness of which has to make up for its lack of importance." If imagination is an anchovy, certainly Beddoes will be there; but if all those who bring "cold preparations," however "savoury," are admitted, the procession of poets will be of a most portentous length, and the edited will jostle with their editors, and be moved thereby to the utterance of sarcastic epigrams on the taste of the Olympians, and the dotage of Apollo.

We have said that there are two reasons why Beddoes' admirers will be disappointed with the present edition, and we add a third—that without the help of Beddoes' remarkable letters, printed by Kelsall, but omitted by Mr. Gosse, it is difficult to get, or convey, a satisfactory view of the poet's character. Thus the Beddoes of 1851—powerful, shrewd, and sarcastic—is replaced by the weak and shadowy Beddoes of 1890. This effect is no doubt partly aided by the curtailment of Phillip's reminiscences of Beddoes at the Charterhouse, and partly by the necessary prominence given to the facts now first published. By the decease of the last of the poet's near relatives, the editor has been enabled to tell the true story of Beddoes' death, and give the details, hitherto concealed. We now learn that Beddoes did not die through an accident, but poisoned himself with the drug kurara. The motive given is the sufficing one of growing misanthropy and general weariness of life. Mr. Gosse has added one or two interesting anecdotes, the most Beddoesian being that of the poet's grimly humorous attempt to set fire to Drury Lane Theatre with a five-pound note for a torch.

Of the nine poems now first printed, it may be said that while Mr. Gosse is unquestionably right in preserving them, Mr. Kelsall was not wrong in omitting them. The "Lines Written in an Album at Clifton" are the most interesting, as containing a shadowy confession by Beddoes of his limitations; the "Flowery Alchemist" is the prettiest, the "Sonnet to Zoë King" the finest, and "Lord Alcohol" the most remarkable; yet withal none of them will add to their author's reputation. The only important deviation from Kelsall's text that we have noticed adopted by Mr. Gosse as a better reading does not seem to us a happy one. Surely the last line of—

> "The honied froth about that serpent's tongue
> Deserves not so his habitation's name,
> As doth the cup that I shall serve to him,"

is a thousand times more poetical and effective than

> "As doth this liquor. That's the liquor for him."

It is also a question for the editorial ear why the fine sonnet beginning

> "As an almighty night doth pass away,"

that occurs in a letter to Kelsall, is omitted from the present edition. Does Mr. Gosse believe that anybody but Beddoes could have written it? Again, while we own to a curiosity to see "The Improvisatore,"

we cannot but feel that it is a pity for Beddoes' fame that it should have been reprinted; and when, as Kelsall tells us, the poet did his very best to suppress this "effort of eighteen," the question whether it was wise to gratify curiosity must, we think, be answered in the negative. Such points of literary morality will, of course, always remain very nice ones. We cannot, however, leave our editor in this way. All who love good poetry must thank him for the initiative which has given them these volumes; and those who do not know good poetry from bad, had better buy them and learn while the edition is still in the market.

"L'ENTRÉE EN CAMPAGNE."

L'Entrée en Campagne. Translated from the German of Lieutenant-Colonel Köttshau by Professor Ernest Jaegle. Paris: W. Hinrichsen.

The title of this book suggests all that is implied under the barbarous modern word "mobilisation"; but Colonel Köttshau has written anything but a severe military treatise. The next war in which Germany engages will be fought "almost exclusively by soldiers formed and trained in time of peace." Among the "troops of the line," there will be scarcely "a single soldier having experience of war." Hence arises the necessity for studying the needs of the campaigner, and the conditions which render his life supportable. This evidently opens up a large field to the author, who commences by discussing the disturbing effects of mobilisation on the interior economy of peace organisations—that of the field artillery in particular—and ends by a disquisition upon beards.

The ideal of the armed nation, which Germany has so completely realised, is shown to be not without its military drawbacks. Time is inevitably lost in the reconversion of the citizen to the soldier; the many entanglements which civil life has cast about the reservist may not be wholly ignored; the married man cannot always be counted upon to go to the front with much enthusiasm. "Quand les hussards prennent femme," wrote Frederic the Great, "ils ne valent d'ordinaire plus grande chose." There are, after all, certain advantages in "les troupes de mercenaires qui n'ont aucune rapport avec la population." The unconscious assumption throughout this book that war is the one great end of mankind would be amusing but for its serious aspects.

Colonel Köttshau denies the truth of the assertion that Prussia is responsible for the increase of luxury among the German officers, which he believes to have arisen "du vertige qui s'empara de tous à la vue des cinq milliards." He condemns the superfluities which have found their way into mess establishments, and is specially severe in dealing with the "lieutenants who have married rich wives," and consequently exercise "a particularly injurious influence" upon the manner of life of their brother-officers. Evidently the peace of nearly twenty years has materially modified the Spartan ideal in the German army. In an interesting chapter, the author discusses the effect of race passions in determining the degree of bitterness and savagery with which wars are waged, and contrasts the campaigns of 1866 and 1870-1 from this point of view. The re-rendering of numerous wild utterances of the Parisian press before the last war must have been a somewhat unpleasant task to the translator. Colonel Köttshau holds out no hope of an eventual *rapprochement* between the two nations, and argues that the next Franco-German contest must be "*sombre, haineuse.*"

The wide diffusion of military habits and military knowledge which is created by universal service inevitably tends to promote the growth of *francs-tireurs* during war, and to turn the civil population into combatants on occasion. Even if not actively combatant, the instincts of the people, quickened by military training, may evidently be turned to account in various ways to the disadvantage of the invader. The author discusses this important question; but does not reach any more definite conclusion than that the whole treatment of the population of an occupied country must yield to military exigencies. "In reality, it is one of the most complicated questions, and when it has to be solved, your own interests will often force you to take violent measures which in your inner conscience you profoundly regret." Some sensible and practical remarks on the dress and equipment of the soldier close an eminently readable book.

ROYAL EDINBURGH.

Royal Edinburgh: her Saints, Kings, and Scholars. By Mrs. Oliphant. London: Macmillan & Co.

"The picture would have been better if the painter had taken more pains." The famous standby of Goldsmith's incompetent critic may well recur to many readers of Mrs. Oliphant's latest volume; but in this case it will present itself to the better instructed as the last word of just and deliberate criticism.

"Royal Edinburgh" is, in truth, a disappointment. Of course it has great merits, for it is by Mrs. Oliphant, and Mrs. Oliphant touches nothing that she does not adorn. A mistress of her art, she has an excellent eye for the romantic and the picturesque, admirable powers of delineation, and she commands a style that leaves nothing to be desired. But in the present volume, if she cannot be said to have altogether wasted her talents, she has been less than fair to her material; and "Royal Edinburgh" is in effect as little a success as such a work by such an author could be.

To begin, Mrs. Oliphant is wonderfully uncritical. And though the fault is not—as it seems to us—a very grave one, especially when, as here, it is cast in the shade by another that must presently be dealt with, we must not let it quite escape our notice.

Mrs. Oliphant has chosen, of all authorities, to pin her faith to Pitscottie. Now Robert Lindsay (born *probably* in the early days of the sixteenth century) is readable, and in every sense accessible, but he is notoriously the "merest gossip," and the opposite of a serious historian. The Chronicles (which are ascribed to him on no certain authority) are rightly described by Robert Chambers as "the strangest compound of endless garrulity, simplicity, credulity, and graphic delineation, not the result of art or design, but of a total want of them." "His credulity, in particular," adds Chambers, "seems to have been boundless, and is remarkable, even for the credulous age in which he lived." This, then, is the authority on whom Mrs. Oliphant mainly depends for all her historical facts, from the accession of James I. to the Union of Crowns—which is the scope of Pitscottie's book. No wonder if she occasionally stumbles who chooses such a guide. And stumble she does! The more her readers happen to know of Scots history, the more they may have followed in the toilsome track of the severe and erudite Mr. Skene (from whom on such points to be turned is to fall), the more will they find "Royal Edinburgh" rich in mines of historical inaccuracy and doubtful authority.

The cases which might be cited in proof would suffice to congest the brief of any devil's advocate. But such glaring instances as Mrs. Oliphant's assumption, as an historical fact, of the ancient myth of the *Castrum Puellarum* in its most popular form, and her assignment of "Christis Kirk on the Grene" to James I., are sure to arrest the attention of the most moderately equipped.

To take the first of these, we find, as might Mrs. Oliphant, even in such a popular work as James Grant's "Old and New Edinburgh," a full account of the various myths in connection with the name. Camden says, "The Britons called it *Castel Mynedh Agnedh*, the Maidens' Tower, because certain of the

young maidens of the royal blood were kept there in old times." And the source of this, Mr. Grant points out, is "the assertion of Chonchar-bhranus, that an Irish saint named Monena . . . founded seven churches in Scotland, on the heights of Dun Edin, Dumbarton, and elsewhere." According to Chalmers, *Castrum puellarum* was its diplomatic, Edinburgh its vulgar, name. And Buchanan explains that the designation was borrowed from ancient French romances "devised within the space of three hundred years" from his time. The authorship of "Christis Kirk on the Grene" is absolutely unknown. Some have *thought* it was the work of James I.—and Sir Walter Scott among them; others that it was by James V.; while such a trustworthy historian as Hill Burton, mentioning the latter theory only to tear it up, without speaking of James I. in the connection, emphasises the impossibility of anything being known in the matter.

To turn to a matter of infinitely more consequence, the plan of the book is, we think, a wrong one. There are four parts—the first, a single chapter on Queen Margaret, the Patron Saint; the second, five chapters on the Stewart kings I.—V.; while the third deals with Queen Mary and Knox, and has a chapter on Buchanan. Of the fourth part—some eighty pages on "The Modern City"—two-thirds tell of Allan Ramsay and Sir Walter Scott, with whom the book very properly ends, and the rest is devoted to the brief visit of Burns.

The very names prove that, however interesting these personages may be, their main connection (Sir Walter, and Allan Ramsay excepted) is with Scotland, not with Edinburgh. Nor does Mrs. Oliphant make amends by treating of them (Burns excepted) simply in such residence as was theirs in Edinburgh. She follows them wherever they go, whether they lie (as Dunlop sang to James IV.) "in Strivilling in distress," or be bound for "Peblis to the Play," or beyond sea. She even expends space and some pretty writing in speculations on what such an one thought of some occurrence which did not take place; or how he would have felt if something had occurred which did not.

Surely what was wanted, what one had a right to expect, was a history of Edinburgh herself, with some account of the life of her citizens at various periods; the story how she bore herself under the tragic events which have made her name inferior to none in point of romantic interest; much more of the immortal actors whose names and deeds are indissolubly linked with "Scotia's Darling Seat," all engaged in their several parts; and the action going forward on that stage and on no other.

Instead, we get what amounts to a fairly inaccurate and slipshod, if brilliantly written, history of Scotland as a whole; and the author pursues her plan, and cares very little whether the scene be Edinburgh, or the actors of Edinburgh. It is vain to reckon up all the omissions; but one or two are prominent. What is one to think of the story of Edinburgh with the Young Pretender's court at Holy-Rood, and the ride of Claverhouse to the Rock, left out, and, above all, where we may not see the supreme heroic figure that is the brother-in-arms of General Gordon—the great Marquis of Montrose—or his companion picture "the gleyed Argyll"?

The name of Edinburgh is one to conjure up a hundred romantic pictures. Everywhere there was the best of material, of which the painter might have made joy for us; but there was no time for the pains.

It only remains to add that the accompanying illustrations, by Mr. George Reid, R.S.A., are things of wonder and beauty. They are beautiful representations of Edinburgh in its most striking and romantic aspects, jewelled street on street with lamp on lamp; sheathed in snow; or in volleying rain what time the Princes Street gardens are vext. But they have not any bearing on the text, and are therefore characteristic of "Royal Edinburgh."

THE MEXICANS.

FACE TO FACE WITH THE MEXICANS. By Fanny Chambers Gooch. With 200 illustrations. London: Sampson Low & Co.

MRS. GOOCH indulges in a fine old-fashioned title-page, in which she sets forth what we may expect inside her book. In addition to the short title which we give, she tells us that her book deals with the "domestic life, educational, social, and business ways, statesmanship and literature, legendary and general history of the Mexican people, as seen and studied by an American woman during seven years of intercourse with them." Just so; and therein Mrs. Gooch's book differs from most other books on Mexico with which we are acquainted. The literature, in English and German, is voluminous enough; but it is mainly concerned with special districts—those around the capital, and those over which the wonderful remains of a past civilisation are so abundantly scattered. But there are large districts in the centre and north-west, including the peninsula of Lower California, about which precise and recent information is difficult to obtain. Even the new edition of Appleton's Guide, useful and comprehensive as it is, naturally deals mainly with railway routes; and the growth of railways in Mexico in recent years has been remarkable. The books of travel in Mexico which we have, deal only with those aspects of the country and people which can be seen during a short journey. Of course, in most of these books there are compilations of information which in its way is useful. Among others are the works of Ober, Brocklehurst, Conkling, Geiger, Griffin, and Ratzel, not to mention books of an earlier date. Mrs. Gooch also gives us a good deal of information gathered from various sources; but her own experiences have been exceptional, not so much in having seen more of the country than the average traveller, but in having been able to get more completely inside of Mexican life than any English writer we know of.

Mrs. Gooch, womanlike, does not indulge in the luxury of dates—at least, not in the edition of her book which has been issued on this side of the water. There is not even a date on the title-page, a practice which cannot be too strongly condemned, and one unworthy of any reputable publisher. We notice, however, that the book was copyrighted in the United States in 1887, and this, with references which occur in the text, would seem to indicate that part at least of Mrs. Gooch's residence in Mexico must have been in the eighties. We do not know in what capacity Mrs. Gooch's husband was quartered in Mexico, but it rendered it desirable for them to take up housekeeping in Saltillo, in Northern Mexico. As might be expected, this brought the lady into intimate relations with Mexican servants and Mexican tradesmen. She also made friends with her neighbours in the town and neighbourhood, and so was enabled practically to live the life of a Mexican. We have thus many curious and instructive details as to the character and ways of various classes of Mexicans. The servants especially, male and female, proved often very trying and very amusing. As was the case in Scotland, and even in some parts of England, not very long ago, and as is the case now in France and Southern Europe, and even in Germany, the relations between master and servant in Mexico are of a somewhat peculiar character. Mrs. Gooch at first naturally tried to have things in her household according to her own notions of comfort and cleanliness, which are those of a typical North American. She soon found, however, that she had reckoned without her servants. The curious thing is that the servants did not remonstrate much; they would suddenly go off to bury an aunt, or marry a cousin, or perform some other urgent duty. Indeed, *No es costumbre* is a great factor in Mexican life, as it is in all newly developed civilisations, and, indeed, we may say, as it is among a large section of the population of our own country. But Mrs. Gooch soon found how to fit in with her

neighbours and her servants, and many curious pictures she gives us of various phases of Mexican life.

She spent much time in the capital as well as in Saltillo, and made tours to different parts of the country. She was received into the innermost circle of Mexican society, and naturally has a good word to say about General Diaz and other magnates who treated her well. This intimacy gave her great advantages. Admirable descriptions she gives of the elaborate entertainments in vogue in the best Mexican society. In them there is a curious mixture of the elaborate social ceremonies of Spain and her profuse hospitality, with survivals of the ancient civilisations which Spain supplanted. Sketches, too, are given of the leading people whom Mrs. Gooch met in this way. Her description of the festival of the Virgin of Guadalupe, the patron saint of Mexico, whose shrine attracts on the 13th of December thousands of natives from all parts of Mexico, is as clear and impressive as a panorama; it is pervaded with the eerie spirit that hovers around the ruins of past greatness and the traditions of vanished gods. To the Indians there is much in the festival that assuredly survives from the worship of the olden time, and the wailing hymn chanted by this decaying people to their goddess is full of sadness. Equally impressive and equally enthusiastic is the devotion of the higher classes of Mexicans to the Guadalupe, whose festival is celebrated with great pomp. Yet, as is well known, the Church has no legal status in Mexico, and is officially hampered in as many ways as possible. She has long ago been deprived of her enormous wealth. Withal, the influence of the priest is very real, and in remote places especially, no one will accomplish much without his favour.

Mrs. Gooch compiles instructive chapters on Mexican history and Mexican literature. Portraits and sketches of the peasants are given, all with evident sympathy. Much of the book is devoted to the common people. There are chapters on music, on cookery, on the Aztecs; and altogether, with its many excellent illustrations, the book is to be commended to anyone desirous of knowing something of the inside of Mexican life.

In her concluding chapter, Mrs. Gooch takes a rosy view of the future of a country for which her sympathies are so warm. Certainly there has recently been much apparent progress. A network of railways is rapidly spreading over the land. European and especially British capital has been largely invested in mining and agricultural enterprises, though the laws and customs place many and various difficulties in the way. It must be remembered that Mexico is essentially a tropical country; that it must be developed by native labour; that the ruling classes are of Spanish race, which has never yet proved itself adapted, without the introduction of outside blood and energy and steadiness, to continuous political and constitutional development. Competition, national and commercial, is now becoming so pressing, and foreigners have now so large a stake in the country, that, after all, Mrs. Gooch's rosy views may be justified.

FICTION IN THREE SIZES.

1. George: A Story in Drab and Scarlet. By the Author of "Our Own Pompeii." Three Vols. London: David Stott. 1890.
2. Jack Warleigh: A Tale of the Turf and the Law. By Dalrymple J. Belgrave. London: Chapman & Hall. 1891.
3. That Fiddler Fellow. By Horace G. Hutchinson. One Vol. London: Edward Arnold. 1891.

Quaker life has been much in fiction and before the footlights of late. "George" deals not only with the Friends, but also, as might be conjectured from the second title, with soldiers, whom strict Friends regard with as much disapproval as they would the novel which speaks of themselves or the stage-play which represents them. It must have sometimes happened that a child endued with the warm artistic temperament was born into a strict and frigid family of this sect; and it is not only the author of "George" who has seen in such a circumstance the groundwork of a story. We may say at once that we have reason to think that if the author of "George" could have allowed himself less space and more trouble he would have done distinctly good work. As it is—although the story seems to cry aloud for condensation, and is remarkably unequal—there is enough in "George" to show that the author has some right to make a book for people to read. There is some good descriptive work, of a quiet kind, in the first volume. Mrs. Lovell is the best conceived character in the book: it is amazing that the author who has described her should ever have brought himself to use such dummies as, for instance, Edward Jenkins, or that he should have allowed a character to be called "Dog-Carter." The fiction of to-day is conventional enough and stupid enough—no reviewer who is grateful for regular work can fail to discover that. But there are a few bad tricks which are dead—absolutely dead. It is distressing to find one of them dragged out again by an author who is obviously not without originality. On the whole, the ordinary reader is not likely to be dissatisfied with "George," for it is better than the ordinary novel; but if its author is really anxious to do his best work, he will not be entirely pleased with it himself. He seems to be wanting in judgment rather than in invention, and judgment may be—at least, to a considerable extent—acquired. There is no kindness in high praise bestowed on a book in which the author has not reached his own limit.

It would be difficult to recommend "Jack Warleigh" without knowing precisely to whom we were recommending it. The articled clerk with sporting tendencies, who can sit through a melodrama and likes a string of stirring incidents in his book, would probably be best satisfied. It is a kind of story which we know well; it contains a heroine who is equally usual, and who generally—as in these pages—wears "the loose dress of some soft white material." The material is sometimes clinging, instead of being loose; but its wearer is almost as immutable as a natural law. The author approaches nearest to originality when he writes "Leges non scripta," but even then we fear that the originality has been purchased at too dear a price. The rest of the story is very conventional, although it is told with a certain amount of spirit. The hero dodges in and out of a title and property through the two volumes in much the usual fashion, the escapades of certain drunken welshers helping to fill up the book. As artistic work, "Jack Warleigh" cannot be praised, but we are equally sure that a very large class of readers exists who take pleasure in this kind of story.

Mr. Hutchinson has written a story of hypnotism, and in this respect he has only gone the way of all flesh. But he has too marked and too pleasing an individuality to be obscured entirely by the choice of a wearisome and hackneyed subject, or by deep reading in the International Scientific Series. He recognises the charm of variety. He seems to have entered the library without leaving the links, and to have mitigated medicine with music. The preface is particularly bright and amusing. As for the story itself, the man who plays golf is good, and the man who plays the violin is not so good—being, in fact, a murderer of a particularly ingenious type. It would not be fair to the story to give the method which the villain adopts. But the description of it is very forcible; the author has the right touch, the touch which can get a good deal of horror into a very few words. But, for all its merits, we wish—although we dare not hope—that this were the last of the hypnotic series. The surprise which the reader feels over the first of such books that he takes up is never repeated afterwards. Its place is taken by utter weariness.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS.*

Mr. Davenport Adams yearns to smooth the "wrinkles from the brow of care," and to "dislodge the sneer" from the cynic lips, and so he has established the Whitefriars Library of Wit and Humour, and called in the services of the redoubtable Mr. Andrew Lang. The only turf, so far as we are aware, which Mr. Lang frequents is that on which golf is played; nevertheless, there has not flourished in these latter days a more indefatigable book-maker. His pen flies so fast and his volumes multiply so swiftly, that he will soon require not a shelf but a bookcase to himself; but the amazing part of such deft-handed diligence is that, in spite of the quantity, the quality is so excellent. "Essays in Little" consists of sixteen characteristic deliverances, five of which are new, whilst the rest have appeared in various magazines and journals. Naturally, we turn first to the fresh papers in the volume, to learn what Mr. Lang has to say on the writings of Louis Stevenson and Mr. Rudyard Kipling. One characteristic of Mr. Stevenson's work which impresses Mr. Lang is his optimism, and another that buoyancy of spirit which suggests the "survival of the child" in him. Mr. Lang is inclined to think that "Kidnapped" is Mr. Stevenson's masterpiece, though he admits that if "The Master of Ballantrae" had been completely successful—which he thinks it is not—it would have ranked as its author's "Bride of Lammermoor." Mr. Kipling is probably not, Mr. Lang conjectures, a reader of "Gyp," yet "The Gadsbys" might easily be taken for the work of an Anglo-Indian disciple of the audacious French novelist, "trammelled by certain English conventions." It is not, however, in descriptions of men like "Gadsby," and his silly sentimental little bride, that Mr. Kipling's hand is at its best, but rather in pen-and-ink portraits of rough soldiers, like swaggering, boisterous, tender-hearted Terence Mulvaney, and his comrades of the rank and file. The faults of Mr. Kipling—his mannerisms, his proneness to slang, and the "too obtrusive knocking of the nail on the head"—are duly pointed out, though only by way of passing allusion. Mr. Lang's letter of advice to a young journalist is one of the best lay sermons of its kind which we have read for many a day. Its satire is not more conspicuous than its sense, and it would not be easy without full quotation to do justice to the grim irony which pervades it. Of other essays in the book we have not space to speak; it is enough to say that the reader will find genuine metal, and though at times it is beaten rather thin, it never fails, even in its most fragile conditions, to assume—thanks to Mr. Lang's cunning workmanship—artistic shapes.

Amongst books which appeal to a special class, no more useful series has appeared than "Cassell's Manuals for Students of Medicine." The object of these volumes is to keep the general busy practitioner thoroughly abreast of the most recent results achieved in medicine and surgery, and in each case they are written by men whose claim to speak with authority cannot be seriously challenged. The latest volume, "Hygiene and Public Health," possesses more than professional interest; indeed, all who are concerned with the solution of problems which relate to the social welfare of the people might study this book with advantage. Dr. Whitelegge, of Wakefield, is one of the best known medical officers of health in the country, and in the limited space at his disposal he discusses with unusual thoroughness every aspect of a subject which, in these days of overcrowded cities and towns, has become a question of urgent importance. We are glad to find that considerable space is devoted to the best methods of preventing the spread of infectious diseases, the etiology of specific diseases, and to the new light cast on both the pursuits and perils of the age by the science of vital statistics. It is notorious that in a great many localities very little advantage is taken by the local authorities of the power to enforce bye-laws and regulations adapted to the special needs of the neighbourhood. No doubt, in many cases, this arises more from ignorance than from apathy, and we therefore hope that this manual will quickly find its way, not merely into the hands of medical officers of health and sanitary inspectors, but also into those of public-spirited men who wish to turn their local influence to the best account by bringing about much-needed social reforms.

Mrs. Jopling—though she dedicates her little book, "Hints to Amateurs," to the Princess of Wales—is far too sensible to suppose that she has discovered any royal road to learning. Walter Savage Landor once declared that "poverty and wit use the same grindstone," and, however that may be, it is, at least, certain that success cannot be won either by professional or amateur students of art without steady patience and hard work. Unfortunately, as Mrs. Jopling does not fail to point out, the amateur is inclined to trust to what he airily calls his talent or gift to carry him over all difficulties, and no more ridiculous blunder could possibly be made. In these pages the word "amateur" is used in its original significance, "lover," and Mrs. Jopling thinks that Leonardo da Vinci was not far wrong when he estimated the talent for drawing of his pupils by seeking to gauge the strength of their perseverance. Mrs Jopling contends that drawing and painting ought to form a part of every child's education, just as much as reading, writing, and arithmetic. No special gift she holds as necessary, and since drawing trains many of our faculties, notably memory and observation, it ought to have a permanent place in every scheme of education. Many useful hints for students in black and white, oil painting and water-colours, will be found in this handy volume, but perhaps the best chapter in the book is that on perspective, a difficult subject, but one which grows surprisingly clear in Mrs. Jopling's clever handling.

Surely we have heard enough, at all events for the present, of "Stanley's Rear-Guard," but that enterprising young gentleman, Mr. Herbert Ward, is apparently of an opposite opinion. Nearly every Englishman who has been more or less remotely concerned with the practical work of the Emin Relief Expedition has either written a book on the subject or appears to be meditating such a performance. We trust sincerely that the two brave soldiers, Captain Nelson and Lieutenant Stairs, who fought their way through the central forest at Stanley's side, will stay their hands and refrain from dabbling in printer's ink. They did splendid service, and as every book which now appears seems only written in order to cast fresh fuel on a painful and discreditable controversy, they can well afford to hold their peace. Mr. Ward gives a graphic picture of life at Yambuya, but we fail to find anything of much importance that is new or distinctive in his description of life at Barttelot's Camp. Barttelot, we are assured, was "full of good points," and Jameson was "always bright and pleasant"—a characteristic which apparently did not desert him when he was joking, at a later stage of his career, with Tippu Tib and Ali over cannibalism. Stanley has his faults, but no one who is acquainted with him will be inclined to credit him with the petty meanness which is laid to his charge in these pages. Mr. Ward states that he is at a loss to understand why the leader of the Relief Expedition has assailed him, unless it be for the following reasons. He thinks it possible that he may have wounded Stanley's *amour-propre* "beyond all forgiveness" because in an idle hour he made a caricature sketch of the hero in his "extraordinary African costume;" moreover, he more than hints that his own association and friendship with Jameson accounts for the manner in which he has fallen into the bad graces of his leader. This at best is puerile nonsense, and it perceptibly weakens the closing pages of a little book which, whilst not without literary merit, is quite superfluous when viewed as a contribution to our knowledge of the subject.

Under the rather appalling title of "The Pacific Coast Scenic Tour," Mr. Finck has put together a capital book of travel. He writes not merely with enthusiasm, but with the knowledge acquired during a residence of eleven years' duration in a part of the United States which is still comparatively untraversed, except by wandering huntsmen in search of game. The literature of travel and adventure, so far as California and Alaska are concerned, to say nothing of the Yellowstone Park and the Grand Cañon, is already tolerably abundant; but few people are acquainted, even by hearsay, with the grand and picturesque scenery which is to be found along the lonely shores of Oregon and Washington. Mr. Finck believes that these States have a great future before them, and he draws a most attractive picture of their industrial resources as well as their "scenic" and "climatic" attractions. There is a happy absence of guide-book jargon in Mr. Finck's pleasant and unconventional narrative, and the charm of the volume is considerably enhanced by a number of admirable photographic illustrations.

*Essays in Little. By Andrew Lang. "The Whitefriars Library of Wit and Humour." Edited by W. H. Davenport Adams. Portrait. Henry & Co., Bouverie Street, E.C. Crown 8vo. (2s. 6d.)

Hygiene and Public Health. By B. A. Whitelegge, M.D. Illustrated. London, Paris and Melbourne: Cassell & Co., Limited. 12 mo. (7s. 6d.)

Hints to Amateurs: a Handbook on Art. By Louise Jopling. London: Chapman & Hall, Limited. Crown 8vo. (1s. 6d.)

My Life with Stanley's Rear-Guard. By Herbert Ward. Author of "Five Years With the Congo Cannibals," etc. Map. London: Chatto & Windus. Small 8vo. (1s. 6d.)

The Pacific Coast Scenic Tour. By Henry T. Finck. Illustrated. London: Sampson Low, Marston & Co., Limited. Crown 8vo. (10s. 6d.)

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